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M A R A :

OR, A

ROMANCE OF THE WAR.

A P O E M .

BY

MISS M. P. S.,
OF SUNNY SIDE.



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P R E F A C E .

—O—

The Authoress is perfectly aware that there are many and, perhaps, to the practiced eye, glaring errors, in this little poem;—but,

“Whoever thinks a faultless piece to see,
Thinks what ne’er was, nor is, nor e’er shall be.”

Presuming, therefore, upon the high authority of Mr. Alexander Pope, that *none* are perfect, she has ventured to lay this *first*, and, to the “older heads,” it may be, childish production, before the public; at the same time, asking the kind forbearance of our generous Southern critics, on the score of its being unworthy their sage observations.

The following pages are written in the old English heroic, or pentameter verse, by some considered difficult, yet in every way well suited to epic narration; of its success the lovers of poetry may judge. The battles described are taken from the “First Year of the War,” and their forms as well preserved as circumstances would allow.

The Authoress most sincerely hopes that the brave and patriotic heroes of Oak Hill and Lexington may not be offended that their names—ever dear to their country—have been placed as ornaments in this little poem, as beacon lights, to guide it down the dim vista of time to the hand of an ever grateful posterity.

M A R A :
O R , A
ROMANCE OF THE WAR.

CANTO I

Love was to his impassioned soul
Not, as with others, a mere part
Of its existence, but the whole,
The very life-breath of his heart.—MOORE.

I

Few were the lights that burned in Mara's halls ;
Dim were the shadows flitting o'er the walls ;
And seldom heard, if ever, was the chirp
Of lively cricket on the marble hearth.
The winds were rushing by with mournful sound ;
Fast fell the crimson leaves upon the ground ;
All nature seemed to mourn the summer gone,
And with sad murmurs welcome winter on.
The lights burned dimly, as was said before,
And cast a lurid light on Mara's brow ;
A brow whose furrowed lines told of deep thought,
A spirit restless and untamed, though taught,
By mild and placid mien, when others sought
To probe his purpose wild, to hide its thought.
His heart was all unused to hope, or fear ;
To look to happiness to come, or care
If joy or sorrow, woe or weal, were sent,
'Neath all his spirit still would be unbent.

II.

But why did Mara's bosom this sadness wear?

Was it ambition's honors lost,—despair
 Of gaining what he sought?—it was unknown;
 They knew that he had melancholy grown,
 Since in his happy boyhood, he had left,
 His childhood's home, of early friends bereft,
 To seek in other lands, on other shores,
 The learning which can not be found in ours.
 Where he had traveled, or what he had seen,
 He ne'er would say, though years did intervene
 Between his going and his coming ;—great
 Had been the change unerring time had wrought ;
 His mansion showed the ruthless hand of time
 Had been at work ;—upon the porch, the vine
 And emerald moss their clinging tendrils twined :
 The broken shutters rattled in the wind ;
 The om'nous owls their doleful notes prolong ;
 And the great night-hawk, too, with her sad song.
 Finds in the ancient oaks a resting place,
 Where she from cruel man may hide her face.
 His father long had slept beneath the sod,
 Where, in his infant years, he worshipped God ;
 And where, 'til age, with silver, streaked his hair,
 He, in meek worship, often did repair
 His mother, in her dotage, lingered on,
 To welcome, when he came, the wanderer home.

III

With eyes as calm as innocence at rest,
 And thoughtful as if thought there found her nest,
 And sad as if 'twere sorrow's dwelling place,
 Towards the burning grate he turned his face ;
 Then, long in gloomy contemplation wrapt,
 He watched the flickering light, as there he sat
 And thought that, fleeting as that dying flame,
 Is the poor breath that animates our frame ;
 But fleetier still than this, the joys that here
 Are sought by all, with ardor, and appear
 To be the object and the end of life,—
 The flying victim of our earthly strife.
 He thought how cold was love, and virtue's call,
 And wondered if deceit could dwell in ALL ;
 Were there true virtues?—he had often sought
 To find ONE heart, where selfishness was not ;
 One true, one trusting, faithful, generous heart,

Where naught of pride or fickleness had part,
 And thus he mused, as though man's mind to delve,
 Until the clock from out the hall told twelve.

I V

As died the last sound of the ringing wire,
 Mara arose and, standing near the fire,
 He touched a silver bell, that near him stood :
 Then, with a hurried step, the chamber strode,
 To where a secret drawer, within the wall,
 Was hidden by the curtain's graceful fall,
 And taking thence a casket, wrapped with care,
 He laid it by, then calmly took his chair
 He scarce was seated, ere a knock was heard,
 "Come in," he said, and soon a boy appeared.
 "Alfonso, I can trust you?" Mara said,
 As he the slave surveyed, from foot to head,
 Then on his face he cast a searching look,
 Which souls of meaner mould could never brook,
 But he was truly honest, nor gave way,
 'Neath this stern glance, but said, "I'll not betray!"
 "Then take this casket, to thy father go,
 He was my friend and guide long years ago ;
 • Tell him to meet me, far without the town,
 An hour before another day shall dawn ;
 • And, if thou aught for Mara's absence care,
 Go bid thy friends adieu, and quick prepare,
 And with thy father at the mansion be,
 For in my journey I'll have need of thee."
 Then gently bowed the slave, but spake no more,
 And disappearing quickly, closed the door

V

Then Mara rose, and with a troubled air,
 Did to his mother's lighted room repair
 He told her of his views, his plans, all formed,
 And asked his purpose by her blessing crowned.
 She blessed him, though her benedictions, brief,
 Broken by sobs, and smothered by her grief.
 He pressed her aged form to his young heart,
 Then once again, as if he ne'er could part
 From her he loved ;—then, bending o'er her form,
 He kissed her once, but ere she spoke, was gone.

V I

"It lacks three hours yet, and 'neath night's screen,
 As shield from foes," he said, "I'll see Eugene."
 Then out upon the dark and stormy night,
 Whose wildness seemed the sternest heart could fright
 He went, though dark the way Ere long he stopped
 Before a stately mansion, gently knocked.
 He was admitted by a quadroon slave,
 Who asked his business, that he thus might save ;
 But here he caught the bent and burning glare
 Of Mara's eyes, and pointing to the stair,
 He bade his ceremonious guest to "go
 Up to the top and knock at the first door."
 With one fair lock, whose sister tresses flow'd
 Above a face where joy and pleasure glow'd,
 And whose mild eyes, of heaven's own hue, so bland,
 Shone from the locket held in Eugene's hand,
 On Mara, with such innocence, so gay,
 That guilt would shrink abashed, before its ray,
 Like serpents blinded, when they thoughtless gaze
 Upon the emerald's pure, unsullied blaze— (1)
 If grief upon it looked, she soon would smile
 So sweet, the sternest heart it would beguile.
 Proud Mara gazed—his thoughts he could not hide,
 And turning quick, to his young friend replied :
 "If rightly once did stern, fair Pallas sing,
 This is not now, Eugene Lanier, the thing."
 Quoth Eugene, "love and war have always been
 Inseparable, as I shall make it seem,
 By telling you the fact, or may be story. —
 Warriors pine for love as well as glory ;
 And you—my sage, my sophist—Mara, too,
 Shall one day pine for love, as flowers for dew."

V I I

These words he heeded not—for naught he spoke :
 The silence, now and then, was only broke
 By the loud wind that, madly rushing by,
 Brought the white snowflakes drifting from the sky ;
 Stern Mara turned him quickly from the light,
 And looked out on the stormy, rayless night ;
 His feelings, in their dark and mad'ning throes,
 Seemed restless as the howling wind that blows.

"I sigh for love," he said, in accents low ;
 "No, no ! my heart, think on thy present woe ;
 Its throes no more my troubled soul shall move.
 But, ' swanlike, die, and know no second love.' " (2)
 Though she was false to me, she was my first,
 My only love, my cherished idol—lost !
 How can I give thee up?—but then—'tis past ;—
 All words are idle, and I now must haste
 To drive the invader from our sunny land—
 I may, at least, preserve her from their hand ;
 But why?—she's gone--and yet, my country stands ;
 I'll strike for her, she's fairest of fair lands."

VIII

"Eugene," said Mara, quickly turning round,
 "There are penurious men within this town,
 Who, for a sum, would quick betray our band,
 And place us in the enemy's vile hand ;
 Or, mayhap, in a prison's loathsome wall,
 Where but oppression's murky dews do fall ;
 Where we for life might pining linger on,
 Or by their bloodstained hands soon meet our doom ;(3)
 Then let us leave this place, with treachery damp,
 And meet my men now gathered in the swamp ;
 They are as brave and hardy band as ere
 With patriotic ardor launched the spear.
 Be careful, Eugene, how from here you go—
 Our wily foe is vigilant, you know ;
 And should they find our little patriot band,—
 They're without arms, you know, and could not stand.
 Then in the swamp, by the old mansion gray,
 We'll meet an hour before the dawn of day
 Of early rising we will not complain,—
 Then fare thee well, until we meet again."

IX

Bright and merry were the many faces
 That round the dailly-burning camp-fires sat ;
 And various the attitudes and graces
 Of forms recumbent on the level plat.
 Some spoke of war, and of the cannon's roar.
 Some, of the horrors of the battlefield ;
 Some hope they soon may meet the dastard foe.

To whom, though they outnumber, "we'll not yield."
Some dream of home, and loved ones far away.

Of happy times that were—but they are gone;
This thought but seems to strengthen for the fray,
And nerve their arms to strike for friends and home.
But hark! what noise disturbs their calm repose?

The camp is in confusion—what the cause?
Can't be we are surprised by stealthy foes?

The pickets are all true—they know the laws.
"Huzza! for liberty! it is our chief!"

Came ringing in one loud note from the band;
To many it was now a great relief—

They thought the struggle might be "hand to hand."
"Huzza!" again loud sounded on the night,

And hats in air were high and higher tossed;
Then on a prancing steed, with eyes of light, [crossed
Whose flanks the white foam streaked, as though he'd
The briny deep, appeared the brave young chief;

His form was manly, though quite youthful seemed:
His bearing proud and noble as the chief

Of kingly line; and o'er his features gleamed
A light majestic, with a haughty mien;

With thoughtful air he calmly viewed the band,
Then his plumed cap he waved, with air that seemed

To mark him for the one born to command;
And by his side, with gentleness of mien,

With air of perfect nonchalance—Eugene.

X.

Some months in busy preparation passed,

In drilling, training, guarding, and the like,
The Mara's motley band could once be classed

With soldiers for their rights prepared to strike,
And in those months some other deeds were done,

Besides the task of duties round the camp;
They sometimes on the sleeping too had gone.

Who, 'wakened by their coursers' dreaded tramp,
Sprung from their drowsy couches, some to fly,

And others 'neath their reeking blades to die.
Their deeds of stealth we will not here recite.

But pass us on to others of more might.

XI

Mara to General Price, the patriot's band.

Who fought so bravely for his native land,
 Annexed his own—not by the laws of war,
 For he did his brave regiment prepare
 With arms, munitions, and equipments bright,
 All mounted fair, and ready for the fight.
 At his expense he had equipped them all,
 And would not now to others they should fall.
 Guerrilla was the service he had chose,
 That at his will he oft might meet his foes ;
 With this proviso he annexed his band,
 That they should always be at his command.

XII

How calmly did the water ripple on,
 And sing its dirge-like murmurs low and sweet !
 In silver sheets the moonbeams shimmered down,
 And fell in sparkling rays at Mara's feet.
 The night was calm, calm as death's slumber,
 And beautiful and bright as angels' dreams ;
 All nature seemed in stillness to slumber,
 And fairy loveliness to crown the scenes.
 Young Mara gazed upon it then, and thought
 Of olden times, when he had happy been,
 And of those halcyon days, when he had sought
 And won—but no ! he could not, could not dream
 That she was true—"how could she be, when all
 The greatest and the least this weakness share ?"
 It will and has been, ever since the fall,
 That man, as well as things, these changes bear.
 I too am changed, and in my heart is gall,
 When once but joy and happiness were there ;
 I have not loved the world, nor at its call
 Have bent in honor to its tinsel glare ;
 I have not sought its empty praise to gain,
 Nor yet for fortune's pleasures or renown ;
 Still I have sought—but no ! it's all the same,
 Her fickleness 'twere folly to bemoan ;
 Though she were false perhaps I was the cause,
 Her young heart was all gentleness and truth,
 And it doth follow by Dame Nature's laws,
 That of my planting I must reap the fruit :
 Then on myself I'll heap the bitter care,
 Nor call on others my sad woes to share :
 Whatever is to come, I've known the worst.

This will my soul for bitterest ills prepare
 I must away, this scene is far too much,
 So like the ones I've spent with her before !
 Oh ! Lethe,—for thy stream, if there be such,
 That I might drink one draft, and weep no more !

XIII.

He rose, and with a slow and measured tread,
 Which might have marked the marches of the dead,
 His path retraced—the camp he gained ere long,
 Which now rang high with revelry and song ;
 The watch-fires brightly burned and threw their light
 On many who around, with faces bright,
 And laughter loud, and merry-making glance,
 Cheered on the ones who still kept up the dance. (1)
 But Mara's mind was turned to other things ;
 The ill-timed revelry but seemed to bring
 Thoughts of the morrow, and of those who ne'er
 Shall view again the setting sun,—and here
 They revel !—but Liberty is the call,
 And glorious is the cause if they should fall !

XIV.

It was the tenth of August, and quite still—
 The sun in majesty rose on Oak Hill ;
 His beaming light descending seemed to throw
 A halo round the green encircled brow :
 With ringing shouts our soldiers welcome day,
 So eager and expectant of the fray,
 They feared not, dreaded not, the coming foe,
 But with entreaties asked to “ forward go.”
 The time that they were kept seemed full an age,
 Until the foe our forces should engage.
 But hark ! What is that deaf'ning, roaring peal,
 Which like a thunderbolt now shakes the field ?
 It is the foe !—they come !—the heart stands still,
 The hero's arm is weak—the blood runs chill !
 'Tis but a moment—onward now they dash
 With desperate valor—madness—and the clash
 Of arms is heard. But see, again they lower !
 Can't be that near the approaching foe they cower ?
 Is it they falter ?—that they cannot bear
 To meet the foe ? They wait his coming near—

What is that signal?—who that rider there
 Who cheers his men with sword and waving hair?
 “Huzza for Price and Liberty”!—we feel
 The earth is shaken by the deaf’ning peal.
 But hark! another, louder, deeper still:
 The hill’s foundations shake; the cannons fill
 The air with smoke that wholly shuts from view
 The heavens and the foe—but why so few?
 They have not fled? Behold them there in heaps!
 Where pale-faced Death his sullen vigil keeps.
 The foe returns the fire, while high in air
 Thick smoke is seen, and peals on peals declare.
 In tones of thunder and with sheets of fire,
 That nought but death can now appease their ire.
 The batteries to each other now reply,
 As echoes o’er the mountains fast do fly.
 For six long hours our batteries on them played,
 Ere once the furious fire their ranks had swayed. (5)
 Upon their serried host our shot we pour,
 They cease their firing and are heard no more.
 Upon them our victorious legions fly,
 With purpose—that they conquer or they die!

XV

But turn we now to other parts to view
 The scenes of death that far the ground o’erstrew
 The dead, the dying, lie in one great heap,
 While o’er them, onward still their comrades leap;
 They onward rush, to glory and to fame—
 Fair Oak Hill’s summits are enwreathed in flame.
 The stately monarchs of the forest stand
 With melancholy air; high o’er the band,
 Their smoke-wreathed limbs wave over those who fall,
 In solemn murmurs, like the sable pall;
 And from beneath their sheltering branches fly
 Death’s missiles thick and fast as from the sky
 The hail-stones rattle, and with deadlier strife
 Than Egypt’s plagues, when it with plagues was rife.
 They’re near the hedge! the field between is bare!
 And to dislodge them, now must be our care.
 “Onward, ye braves!” loud shouted McIntosh,
 “To honor and to glory, or else blush
 Forever that a foe,”—they heard no more—
 So sudden, stunning, deafening was the roar.

Then, like a mountain torrent, on they rush
 'Mid storms of bullets, led by McIntosh ;
 And by his side another doth assert,
 The rights of Southrons—'tis the brave Hebert,
 With banners wildly streaming in the skies,
 And shouts of victory, on the foe he flies !
 These too, upon the field, were kissed by Fame,
 While on the spot, she immortalized each name.
 Despite the galling fire, that on them poured,
 Which seems with certain death, our ranks to goad.
 They rush with valor on, and as they go,
 Upon the host of foes, their shot they pour.
 The enemy their ground with firmness stand,
 And inch, by inch, they now contest the land ;
 But sec, they stagger--and now back they roll
 Like ocean's surges beating on the pole.
 They stand again,—a moment more they fly,—
 Enveloped thick in smoke, as clouds the sky,
 And on them still, our soldiers rush more nigh,
 With length'ning, deaf'ning, shouts of victory !

XVI.

The right is cleared—the enemy is gone—
 His forces routed and his cause undone.
 And Churchill, Green, McCulloch, too, declaim
 Immortal honor, and a hero's name.
 But still the centre, yet, is hardly pressed,
 And sadly are our gallant band distressed
 By numerous foes. The brave Missourians—see !
 They fight for home, loved ones, and liberty ;
 Their country's flag besmeared with blood and torn—
 As though it bloodier scenes than this had known—
 Is waving proudly o'er the Spartan band,
 Who thrice their numbers, bravely do withstand.
 Now to the centre quick the Southron's rush,
 Which Lyon's teeming forces seem to crush.
 To aid these in the struggle now we see,
 His old battalion led by brave McRea ;
 He charges on the foe with valor high,
 Who meet Gratiot's full fury as they fly ;
 Then Bradfute, Reid, Pierce, Embry, and Churchill,
 With their brave troops the Southern ranks do fill.

XVII

The engagement now seems general on the line ;
 The scene is truly, terribly sublime ;
 On their unerring course death's missiles fly,
 Thick clouds of dark'ning smoke now veil the sky ;
 The earth and heavens are taken from our view,
 And thick the dead the battle-field o'erstrew
 Upon their neighing coursers, o'er the field,
 The reckless couriers wildly dash, nor feel
 One fear ; and officers in uniform,
 With bright equipments, and dark waving plumes,
 And flashing sabres, coursers dashing on,
 Shout to their men to strike for their loved homes,
 For country, wives and children—loved ones, all ;—
 That in the heart for true affection call.
 The two opposing forces are now near,
 Nor does the other his opponent fear.
 Now hark ! the deaf'ning roar, like thunder's peal,
 Reverberates, and shakes the bloody field !
 It's grumbling murmurs keep a constant roar,
 Like ocean's surges, beating on the shore ;
 And sharper still, the musket's sound is heard,
 Covering the ground, more thickly with the dead.
 Masses of infantry now forward roll,
 As mighty billows, when the winds control ;
 Then backward rush, forming a mangled heap,
 As break the surges of the mighty deep ;
 And thus they fight—the ground is dearly bought,
 When equal foes with madness are o'erwrought.

XVIII

But look we now, far o'er the bloody field,
 That little band of patriots do not yield ;
 Upon them thick and fast the death-shot fly,
 But still their gallant flag is streaming high.
 Ah ! see they falter—back they fly—he'll save !
 The one who charges now the foe—the brave,
 The gallant youth, who leads his Spartan band,
 With waving sword, and air of high command ;
 Forward, he rushes, in advance of all,
 While 'neath his hand the affrighted foe fast fall ;
 Far right and left, he whirls his reeking sword,
 And many a purple spot here stains the sward ;

He takes the gun, the bloody banner waves,
 And on the flying foe he cheers his braves ;
 "Huzza for Colonel Mara !"—loud, they shout.—
 Then onward hasten to complete the rout !
 Now comes the final charge—it is success—
 See how our wearied soldiers forward press !
 The cannon's roar now seems to rend the sky,
 And fast and thick as hail death's missiles fly ;
 The ground is covered with the dead, but still
 Fresh troops anon their vacant places fill.
 Onward !—still onward—rush our Southern braves,
 For friends, for country, and for patriots' graves !
 With one wild yell, they burst upon the foe,
 Who, in confusion, fly and fight no more !

X I X

Thus ceased the carnage of far-famed Oak Hill,
 At thought of which full oft the heart grows chill,
 And many are the tears that have been shed,
 For loved one's numbered here, among the dead ;
 But over mother's tears, and death's sad scene,
 Too sacred for the eye—we draw the screen ;
 And for this canto 'twill suffice to say,
 That Mara, for his bravery, on that day,
 Was offered a position of high rank,
 Which he refused with many a heartfelt thank.
 Asserting that he would much rather be
 With his guerrillas, and at liberty.

CANTO II.

“ Who never loved, ne’er suffered ; he feels nothing,
Who nothing feels but for himself alone ;
And when we feel for others, reason reels
O’erloaded from her path, and man runs mad.”

YOUNG.

I

How calm, how beautiful are twilight hours !
When night’s wide-spreading sable cover lowers ;
Suspended by the deities on high,
In air, half-way between the earth and sky.
The sun in ambient clouds has sunk to rest,
And colored with a roseate hue the west,
Each beauteous tint fast varying, till the last
Quick fades from view, and day’s brief life is past.
In radiant majesty the moon is seen,
Of sable night, and many stars the queen,
To rise above the horizon’s dusky line,
And shed o’er earth her silver light divine ;
How mournful, sad and tender, are the thoughts
At this mild hour !—upon the heart o’erwrought—
They rush unbidden, and resistless bear
The image of some happier times that were,—
The hour when memory to the young heart brings.
The thought that it has loved, and o’er it flings
A shadow of the grief it’s doomed to feel,
When all it ever sought, with ardent zeal.
The affections of the worship’d one are gone,
And placed upon some envied, happier one.
What is the worst of woes, we find below,
The bitterest dreg that fills the cup of woe ?
It is to see the young affections bloom,
By treachery’s ruthless hand cast in the tomb :
To see youth’s brilliant rainbow hopes decay,
And fade like drops of snow, by one away.

I I

Thus thought young Eula, as she pensive leaned
 One fair arm o'er the rustic bench, well screened
 From view intrusive, by the towering vine
 That thickly o'er the sloping roof did climb,
 And falling thence in graceful festoons, formed
 A bower, which oft the muses' lays had charmed
 The garden round, was decked with rarest flowers,
 Which here and there formed many rustic bowers;
 These by the birds of choicest song were filled,
 Though now their twittering notes by night were still'd;
 The flowers their balmy breathings shed around,
 Like odors rising from the shrine profound;
 The Zephyrs sighing gently seemed to be
 An echo of the far-off murmuring sea;
 O'er all, the moon, so pensive seemed to shine—
 That o'er the scene it cast a look sublime.
 Fair Eula felt the influence of the hour,
 And calmly yielded to its pensive power;
 Her thoughts at first enjoyed the present scene—
 But soon they turned to others that had been.
 Thought flew to childhood's happy hours, when she,
 Light as a bird, the sportive wind as free,
 Had wandered in her Southern home, with one,
 Who far away to distant climes had gone.
 She pictured now his air, his face, his form,
 And thought she ne'er had known a heart so warm;
 Then wondered if of her, he ever thought,
 Or if some foreign maiden he had sought.
 Her meek dark eyes to heaven she slowly turned,
 While, seemed that anguish in her bosom burned,
 And sweet and gentle was the timid tone,
 As o'er her beautiful face the calm light shone,
 In which she murmured—"Yes, it has been long,
 He loves another, and my heart's undone!"

I I I

She heard her name pronounced in accents low;
 She turned—her maid was waiting at the door.
 "Excuse my coming lady, now," she said,
 "But it is time that you were quite prepared:
 The ladies of the house are all arrayed
 In silks and satins, diamonds and in braid,

And fluttering with delight, they fly about,
 Talking together, till the time is out."
 You're right, Pauline; but gather from this vine
 These pendent blossoms in my hair to twine;
 Then slowly from the garden went her way
 Towards the house, where all but her were gay
 "My little fairy Eula—can it be
 That our great ball you treat indifferently?
 You know it is the grandest of the season,—
 And yet you're sad—Oh! dear, what is the reason!
 It is no doubt to be a grand affair;
 Brass buttons, swords, besides the tinsel glare
 Of epaulets;—these last the generals wear;
 And you, my dear, must look surpassing fair—
 If you expect to catch them;—now farewell,"—
 And from the room all gaily danced May Bell.

I V

The balls are streaming now with light, and loud
 Ring out the murmurs of the merry crowd;
 At laughing jest, or launching witty shaft,
 The brave and fair are trying now their craft;
 With music some, the passing hours beguile,
 While others grouped in corners sweetly smile,
 And talk in tones that tell of deeper things,
 Of feelings, hopes and fears that have their springs
 Within the fountain of the human heart,
 Where all the passions in their turn have part.
 But see, they stop—with expectation mute—
 As soft upon the ear there sounds a flute,
 Breathing in gentle tones a plaintive air,
 Which cast a seriousness o'er brave and fair;
 A moment more, and ravishing the sound
 That fills with music all the air around.
 And now they come—the musicians appear—
 Their military dress bespeak the war,
 And their burnt faces tell that they have seen
 Thing that would make the timid shrink to dream.

. V

"A Southern heiress of great wealth," said one,—
 "A Venus from the sea," another sung,—
 "A perfect Helen in her eye and form,"

As Eula Stanly proudly crossed the room.
 She leaned upon the arm of one who seemed
 Of his fair burthen as though proud he deemed—
 And in low whispers spoke, and tender tones,
 As hearts are wont to speak to their loved ones.
 But then his dress betokened him to be,
 An enemy to Southern rights—the free—
 As were the greater part who gathered there—
 The pleasures of the fleeting hours to share.
 The dance began—the music's thrilling tone
 Quickened each pulse—and brighter bright eyes shone ;
 The brave, the fair, did in sweet concert move,
 And bright eyes, all unconscious, looked sweet love.
 It was a scene to look upon with joy,
 Of which it seemed the heart would never cloy ;
 The old might here his youthful days live o'er,
 And in the glowing realms of fancy soar
 To happier times when he 'mid scenes like these,
 Had gathered joys from every passing breeze ;
 When by the side of his he loved,—the fair,
 The timid beauty,—he did first declare
 While in the mazy dance he seemed to swim,
 That she was all-and-all on earth to him.
 Sweet are the joys when youthful spirits meet,
 And pleasure's all-enchanting hours how fleet !
 The flying hours in giddy pleasures past,
 And dance succeeding dance in measure fast ;
 The music wilder grew, the dance more gay,
 Until the dark hour told the approach of day ;
 And all—e'en Eula—in the scene seemed glad,
 Her glance ne'er spoke her heart if she was sad :
 Among the gayest circle she was first,
 Upon her path did joy like sunshine burst.
 And all agreed to pay the homage due
 Superior merit, and such beauty too,
 As e'en Circassia's daughter, whose fair charms,
 E'en while her heart's another's, to the arms
 Of some lascivious monarch, rich and old,
 Are sacrificed for sums of paltry gold ;
 Might in her own sweet orient bowers lie,
 Might envy, but ne'er with her charms could vie.

V I

Fair Eula at the head all joyous stayed.

Waiting the moment she the dance should lead ;
 Towards the door she cast her laughing glance,
 In search of something, or, perhaps, by chance,
 The music struck—her partner waiting stood—
 And yet she moved not, spoke not, if she could.
 All eyes were on her turned—she heeded not,
 But stood as still as spell-bound to the spot ;
 Her face was pale as marble, and her hands
 Were tightly clasped, as bound by magic bands ;
 A slight convulsion shook her tender frame,
 She uttered one faint sigh then seemed the same.
 She gave her hand—'twas cold as death's embrace,
 And through the dance she gently moved with grace.
 But every step it seemed a heavy chain
 Hung at her soul and bound her aching brain :
 She wished the jarring sound would cease,
 And give her throbbing heart one moment's peace.
 At length it ceased—she sank exhausted quite.
 Upon a sofa distant from the light.

V I I

As prying eyes were turned, she softly stepped
 Out on the porch o'er which the woodbine crept :
 She stood an angel in the calm moonlight :
 Her hand upon her heart was pressed, and bright
 In her dark eyes the tears of sorrow shone
 Like dew drops on the rose at early morn.
 " It was—I know—I could not—yes, 'twas he—
 No other eye had e'er a charm for me !
 Long years have passed since I that face beheld,
 And yet that same—that fascinating spell ;
 Oh would!—but ah, that hateful dress I know,
 Too well betokens him my country's foe !
 A traitor to the glorious Southern band,
 The Sunny South, to his own native land.
 Yea, twice a traitor ! How his guilt I mourn,
 Since I had fondly hoped he would return
 Unchanged in love, in friendship, still the same !
 But this is passed—my hopes are but a dream !
 But I will *tear* his image from my heart,
 Though it is yet of life the dearer part.
 No one so false"—" Not false," a voice replied,
 In manly tones: " These garments have belied.
 Eula, my love !" She paused ; a moment more,
 She fled by him and crossed the open door.

VIII

"Take off these things, Pauline; unbind my hair.
 And quickly to my couch I will repair;
 My head is throbbing and I now must rest."
 Just then a small head through the door was thrust
 Again withdrawn—then with a ringing yell
 Of laughter, bounded in the room May Bell.
 "My dearest, fairest Eula, can it be
 That you no longer, too, are fancy free?
 And such sensations, too, I've never seen,
 To make you stand and stare as though you'd been
 By some great genius, powerful and unknown,
 Like the great city turned into stone.
 Perhaps that Yankee had Medusa's head;
 I'll tell you, Eula—'tis best you should heed,
 Take my advice—but see, it's almost light!
 And now, my Eula, dear, a sweet good-night."

IX

The wild and blithesome girl knew not how much,
 Or'deep her idle words the heart did touch.
 Young Eula sat, the pearly teardrops gleam
 Shone 'neath her lashes like a silver stream;
 All silently, she kissed her friend adieu,
 For when the heart is sad the words are few.
 She thought of him to whom her mind had flown,
 Dove-like, at dewy eve and early morn;
 Whose image there enshrined, she ever felt,
 Next to her God's, her own in worship knelt;
 And now to loose—to tear it thence, seemed more
 Than any heart as young as hers had power.
 She pressed upon her heart her hand again,
 Convulsively as if to ease its pain:
 "What are the joys of life; what pleasure now
 Shall ever glad my heart or soothe my brow?
 Oh, that my soul's first, fond, endearing love,
 Should to a worthless idol ever rove!
 Why did I live to see him once again,
 If it were but to see and love in vain?
 And why may I not soon this wild grief tame,
 Since his is nothing but a traitor's fame;
 A traitor! doubly so, when it bears part
 Of falsehood to a young and trusting heart!"

They say that he is happy now with one
 Of gentle air, but of a foreign tongue,—
 That of his early love he lightly speaks
 As boyish all and youthful fancy's freaks,—
 Yet in my heart ne'er wilder worship grew,
 Than for the first idol that my spirit knew !
 But then to see love's gushing fountains dried,
 The source from which my being was supplied,
 To see the soul's fair garnered store destroyed,
 In gathering which the heart had never cloyed
 To tear his fond, his worshiped image thence,
 With all my wishes—cherished hopes at once !
 Oh ! cruel anguish—raise thy black'ning pall—
 Or let thy crushing bolt upon me fall !
 Come madness, steep my senses with thy balm,
 Or quiet health, and my tossed feelings calm !

X.

Alone !—how sad and touching is the word—
 And by the troubled heart, how often heard !
 Bearing with it a heavy, dead'ning weight,
 Where sorrow's load alone had lightly sat.
 What is't to be alone—is it to dwell
 In depth of solitude—in Nature's cell ?
 In the dark forest, far from haunts of men ;
 Where the luxurious boughs with wild fruit bend ?
 To watch in cot remote the stars profound,
 And pensive, listen to the doleful sound
 Of howling wolf, or far-off hooting owl,
 As o'er the forest sinks night's dark'ning cowl ?
 Is it to dwell by the dark rolling sea,
 Where constant murmurs sing a song of glee ?
 Or, when by tempest tossed, the waves run high,
 And swelling into mountains, touch the sky,
 They tell in murmurs, and in roarings loud
 Of the poor hapless sailor's watery shroud,
 And of the weeping wife—the beauteous spot—
 His home and children in the mountain cot ?
 Is it to be within a prison's walls,
 Where on the spirit proud oppression falls ?
 Not there !—not there !—for in deep solitude
 The soul in hallowed, contemplative mood
 May view the works of Nature, and give praise
 That God such wonders for weak man did raise.
 Not on old ocean's ever rolling wave

Was loneliness o'er known to find a grave ;
 For on its bosom ever bearing near,
 Are storied songs which lonely hours may cheer ;
 And gazing on its waves the soul is filled
 With him whose gentle word the tempest stilled.
 Not in a prison's walls are we alone,
 For in the deepest solitude will come
 The thoughts of by-gone hours, some happier time
 When with the merriest laugh our heart could chime ;
 When we with loved ones spent the hours long,
 In feast convivial or sweet evening song.
 'They are not outward pleasures that alone
 Can fill the heart with music's thrilling tone ;
 For in its secret cell it builds a shrine
 Where intellectual pleasures never pine ;
 A garnered store from choicest thoughts select,
 With satisfaction, hope and pleasure decked ;
 A blooming garden, where bright youth and love
 Are watered nightly from the dews above,
 And their celestial odors breathing round
 Shed happiness, although a wall surround.
 What then is loneliness, if 'tis outdone,
 Where solitude in silence holds his throne ?
 To be from all our childish fancies torn,
 And also of its joys and pleasures shorn ;
 To view our early friends, all drop away,
 Like summer leaves by autumn's dull decay ;
 By crowds surrounded, yet 'twere vain to trace
 One friendly smile or kind endearing face ;
 To feel not all their joy, nor all their sport,
 Could cheat the heart of one dull, aching thought ;
 And worst of all—to be by love betrayed—
 The only hope on which the spirit stayed ;
 To feel that of the world that round us breathes
 There is not *one* could sooth this grief that seeths,
 Although the soul with anguish were overflown,—
 This is indeed what 'tis to be alone !

XI

And thus was Eula—her dear friends had gone
 Long, ere the rosy morn of life had flown ;
 An orphan from her birth, such never know
 What joys beneath a mother's care can grow.
 Her father she had never seen, as he
 Had found a grave beneath the murmuring sea.

Her heart had always been alone, for she
Ne'er sought with others of her age to be,
But wandering far to some sequestered glade,
Near murmuring brook, where rustic fountain played
Within the wildwood glen, which all the day
The feathered songsters filled with music gay,
She sat all pensive, and her spirit soared
To be with Nature, and with Nature's Lord.

CANTO III.



The rose is fairest when 'tis budding new,
And hope is brightest when it dawns from fears
The rose is sweetest washed with morning dew,
And love is loveliest when embalmed in tears

5007

I

'Tis night, when fancy's fairy, rosy dreams
Will bid us meditate on happier scenes ;
On joys long passed--the memory of which
Like music's murmuring tones--all soft and rich--
Sends through the pensive soul the dirge-like note
Of joys departed--blasted hopes which float
Like flowers severed from their parent stem,
Withered and dying down the stream of time.
At such an hour the heart will wander back
O'er many thorns, which fill life's troubled track,
And thoughtless of the present woes--in mind
Live over childhood's happy hours regained ;
When if a cloud the little brow o'ercast,
'Twas banished--if a mother's lip there past ;
And life was pleasant, joyous, happy, free
As Eden, ere was touched the fatal tree.
Oh, night!--most beauteous night, when thou art near,
The face of Nature softens, and her tears
The gentle dews in passive silence fall
Upon the violets modest face, on all
"The gentle race of flowers," far o'er the plain,
Without distinction--teaching to the vain
And ostentatious, in their proud display,
Its actions note, and its precepts obey.
Oh ! how the heart thy magic influence feels !
As far away with longing wish it steals
Of Nature something more to know--her great
And endless works--of which men prate--
Her beauties infinite--and most of man

That formed his body faultless—whose the plan?
Whence came, and when, that wondrous hand which
still—

Should man obey—his cup with joy would fill?
Eternal One—Thou Omnipresent Lord!
The Word beginning was—and Thou the Word!
Thy power exert—remove the clouds away—
And let Thy works revealed thy ends display!
Why was I born—for what ordained—and where
Shall dwell the immortal past—and how prepare
To meet its God?—when severed from the clay,
Which seems to bind it here but for a day,
If with eternity our lives compare.

Yet, oh! how little we for it prepare!
What are those stars, whose beauteous lights desery
The dark blue azure of the far-off sky?
Are they fair worlds, and shall they ever be
The dwelling of the soul, from sorrow free?
Can't be that it on wings of strength shall fly
Up to those starry orbs, and there disery
With force of mind and understanding fraught,
Such wonders as no mortal man e'er thought?
That there no longer tortured by those pains
Of clay, which bind the longing soul in chains,
With wings omnipotent, the air 'twill cleave,
And all-rejoicing this frail body leave,
And seek its native place, pined for so long—
Where but God's glories are for aye the song?
But my muse wanders o'er fair Nature's plain,—
Go swift wing'd fancy, call her back again!

II

The grand Missouri in its devious race,
Wound through the forest with majestic grace;
Its smooth, bright surface glittering where it plays,
Like sheets of silver 'neath the moon's soft rays;
The river Nymphs, perchance, with flying feet,
Moved to the ripples of its surges deep;
And wood nymphs sat within the rural bowers,
Watching the varying beauties of the hours;
As with a ghost-like stillness shadows move,
While Dian walks her circled path above.
Nor did they watch alone—for there was one
With form recumbent, on a mossy stone,

Who watched with thoughtful eye the eddying flows,
 Whose soft, sweet music lulled him to repose
 Of body, not of mind, for his wild thoughts
 Were such as sleep not, for he vainly sought
 To smother feelings that had grown for years
 Tendered by cares, and watered by his tears.
 Feelings that in the heart once sown, can ne'er
 Be rooted out by sophist, sage or seer ;
 Though pride may teach them to conceal its throes,
 Their feelings ne'er again shall find repose ;
 For the young heart when fondly given to one,
 If baffled will in dovelike sadness mourn,
 Nor murmur 'gainst the loved, though he may rove,
 So tender is our first endearing love !

I I I

I thought those wild words, " traitor, worse than that,"
 Related to her early love, though black
 As any deed the arch fiend did, 'twould be
 A healing balm, had they been spoke of me.
 But no !—it was of one who proud did stand
 By thee, oh worshiped one ! and took thy hand,
 Which could my parched lips press for only once,
 And know that thou still lov'st, I might renounce
 With agony less bitter—with less woes
 Than wrings my bosom now with constant throes !
 But Eula, darling, thus to lose !—but ho !
 Heard I not then the dipping of an oar ?
 From yon dark foliage, drooping o'er the wave,
 Like weeping mourners o'er a loved one's grave.
 It came, me thought, although a muffled sound ;
 Ah ! what is that now glides the peak around ?
 It is a skiff, that lightly skims the foam ;
 An angel o'er Missouri's waves doth roam ;
 Sweet vision ! thou wast sent my heart to calm
 With thy mild radiance now, to throw the balm
 Of soothing quiet o'er my troubled soul,
 And Lethe's blissful waters o'er me roll !

I V

The boat still glided on with muffled oar,
 And near where Mara sat it came to shore,
 The form, in spotless white a maiden seemed,

Her flowing ringlets o'er her shoulders streamed,
 Her mild dark eyes like stars in heaven shone,
 As her sweet voice was o'er the waters borne.
 "Young soldier brave, yon city leagued around
 With foes who visit oft this sacred ground,
 Is now my prison, though I 'scaped but late
 To give you warning of the dreadful fate
 Which now awaits you, did you still remain
 Unconscious of the enemy's vile plan.
 From festive scene I hither stole my way,
 Not missed, mayhap, amid those revelers gay,
 To warn the Southrons that the troops remain,
 Montgomery one, the other leader Lane ; (2)
 Than whom more desp'rate, vicious, none are known
 Among our enemies who death have sown.
 These have their plans, by sudden onset, fright
 And rout your forces, which e'en then would fight.
 Be careful, soldier—quick, act now thy part."
 Then turned while speaking, as if to depart.

V

Then as she turned young Mara raised his hand,
 And in a tone of wildness thus began :
 "Sweet vision—spirit—angel from above—
 Shade of the only one I e'er did love ;
 Oh ! worshiped being—idol of my heart—
 Thus hover o'er me—ne'er again depart !
 Be thou my guardian angel !—but to be
 Forever near thee, were too much for me ;
 My poor brain reels—with joy my senses swim,
 Sweet angel, spirit, leave me not again !

V I

As some dark cloud which gathering long has been ;
 Whose pent up murmurs rumble 'neath the screen
 Of its dark bosom, finds at last a vent,
 By lightnings riven, where its fury's spent,
 So with young Mara, for his mind had been,
 Deep torn and racked, by jealousies within,
 Without by foes in friendship's kindly guise,
 Whose fruitful mind new fuel fast supplies
 To feed the flame that licks his life-blood up,
 And add the last drop to woe's bitter cup.

His mind thus taxed so long at last gave way,
And mad delirium seized proud reason's sway.

V I I

O'er his drooped form the maiden gently knelt,
His burning word's, her inmost spirit felt ;
From her dark pleading eyes the tear-drops fell
Like glistening diamonds dropped from dewy pearl ;
Her hand she pressed upon his brow of pain,
Then in love's accents whispered low his name,
And happy felt, although another claimed
Her rightful place. No gold his heart had tamed ;
That it was hers his own mad ravings showed,
And her wild throbbing heart no less avowed.
She kissed his brow, and heaven blessed that kiss,
Entreated God but for his future bliss,
Turned to the stream his burning brow to lave,
And saw a shadow on the sparkling wave,
Reflected clear, and too well the one
That she was known and Mara was undone.

V I I I

With haughty step the hated one drew near,
His voice too well confirmed poor Eula's fear ;
With darkning face and eyes of flashing fire,
Upon the maiden thus he vents his ire :
"And this was why amid that joyous scene,
Your heart alone did there unhappy seem ;
For him my love you have repulsed with scorn,
Joy not, vile creature! this shall ne'er be borne ;
For this bright blade, which ever has been true,
In his foul blood this moment I'll imbrue !
As the word vile falls on proud Mara's ear,
His strength returns, his senses reappear ;
With anger quivering to his feet he bounds,
His sword unsheaths which quick in air resounds,
And with a tiger's leap he stands beside
The foe, who cowering, springs a step aside ;
Fair Eula, frantic, madly leaps between,
Their swords above her head now brightly gleam ;
Their clash she hears—her white arm upward thrown,
Meets the cold steel—the warm blood trickles down :
It strikes her lover—Eula sees the harm—

He staggers back, but ere he falls an arm,
 With kind embrace encircles his proud form,
 And Mara's men upon the foe fast storm.
 Now Lampier's bugle by its piercing sound,
 Wakes with deep echoes all the woods around ;
 His men appear—stern Mara's bear them down,
 In deadly conflict, 'though the cause unknown,

IX .

Among their dusky figures, Eula kneels,
 Her white robe stained, but nought of fear she feels ;
 O'er Mara's form her arms imploring crossed,
 Like Mercy's angel pleading for the lost ;
 With eyes upturned—with words of wild despair,
 She prays the wreaking sword descend not there !
 She sees them fly, but which she knows not now,
 Her gaze but bent upon that upturned brow,
 Whose deadly pallor tells that Terror's King
 Has on its smoothness set his signet ring.
 She gazes still, her sense benumbed by fear,
 Nor recks not if another soul be near :
 Her arm is grasped—she turns—a ruffian sees ;
 He takes her up—on wings of air he flees ;
 She hears the dipping oar but knows no more,
 And kind oblivion veils the scene of gore.

X :

The Southern braves the enemy pursue,
 Till o'er the sparkling waters swift they flew ;
 Not all that came, however, joined the flight,
 For pale-faced Death had claimed some in the fight.
 Where Mara lay the ground was covered o'er
 With corpses thick, wet with their dripping gore ;
 Their ghastly faces shone 'neath Luna's light ;
 Depicted there no sorrow, joy or strife,
 But quenchless hate the glaring eyes reveal •
 Where dire revenge has set his signet seal.
 With foe embracing foe, they fell beneath
 The unresisting pang of conquering death,
 Relaxed not even then the direful grasps
 With which untiring hate his object clasps.
 The little band with solemn awe stand round,
 And gaze with love and hate upon the ground,

Where clasped in death's embrace lie friend and foe,
 All peaceful now—no petty feuds they know ;
 Their Chief they see—while stiffening foes surround
 His own proud figure cold upon the ground ;
 They gather round, rough faces bathed in tears,
 And whispered tones announce too well their fears.
 With heavy hearts above his form they bow,
 They see the purple spots that stain his brow,
 They search more closely—but no wound is there—
 They see the warm blood trickle—but from where?
 They search again—upon his side one finds
 A rich embroidered scarf the dark wound binds ;
 They raise his head—one lengthened quivering pain,
 One struggling gasp, and life returns again !

X I

With woman's tenderness they bear their Chief
 To cottage near, which affords a slight relief ;
 Then with the zeal a devotee might show,
 They question any who may hither go,
 Till meek-ey'd morn had streaked the dappled east,
 Their vigils kept, nor ere thought once of rest ;
 Exultant but to know their Chief still lived,
 Though of his cheering presence now deprived.

X I I :

With nervous step and dark contracted brow,
 With looks of vengeance deep and muttering low,
 Young Mara's friend the noble Eugene strode,
 The vine-clad porch of his young friend's abode.
 Yes, she was captured—torn from his embrace—
 Her pure blood left on his pale brow its trace ;
 While men of demon fury fought above ;
 Her kneeling figure,—pleading eyes of love,—
 Her outstretched arms upraised in earnest prayer,
 Intreated wreaking swords descend not there ;
 Oh angel beauty ! clothed in woman's form,
 Proud man's support amid this life of storm !
 His joy in pleasure—comfort in distress—
 In poverty's dark vale his greatest bliss !
 Exert thy power !—raise up my dying friend—
 And vengeance thou shalt have on that arch fiend,
 Yes ! vengeance I will have if there remain

One living foe upon a Southern plain !
 At risk of life of all who here return,
 The maiden I will rescue ere the sun
 With rainbow colors paint again the sky,
 And Nature's tears his cheering beams do dry

XIII

Again fair Dian, with her starry train,
 In virgin beauty holds her nightly reign,
 Again the feather'd songsters cease their notes,
 The night hawk's cry far o'er the forest floats,
 And once again stern Mara's men appear,
 On deeds of vengeance bent—prepared for war—
 Their weapons bright, with added lustre gleam,
 As o'er their polished steel the soft rays stream ;
 With cat-like stealth they onward swiftly move,
 Bent on revenge for one they dearly love ;
 Their dusky figures moving on are seen
 To Death's dire festival, led by Eugene.
 Oh ! sight of horror—when such foes do meet,
 To some 'tis death—revenge to others sweet.

XIV

Oh, horrid war !—thy towering form I see, -
 Stalking with giant stride and gloating eye,
 With blood-stained hands and steps of thunder's sound ;
 And sword of flashing fire, the land around,
 How shrinks the timid, e'en the brave, with fear,
 As with thy demon eye thou drawest near !
 Well may they shrink, if they but take one glance
 Through time's dark vista, and but view perchance
 Few scenes which stand forever penned in blood,
 O'er which the heart grows faint, if it but brood.
 Behold proud Carthage, queen of Afric's shores,
 In ashes lies, as Dido doth repose ; (2)
 There thy fierce sword ne'er once did cease its play,
 Till seventeen days⁴ saw her in ashes lay ?
 Jerusalem, the holy shrine, profound,
 Was visited by thee, in thy grand round,
 Where three long days the streets in warm blood
 flowed ; (4)
 While o'er the carnage thy vile countenance glowed
 And Rome, proud Caesar's city, too has been

For age succeeding age the bloody scene,
 Where thou with vice and crime thy court didst hold ;
 Where for vile lucre her proud hills were sold. (5)
 Hispania too has bled at every vein ;
 To war was added superstition's reign,
 And millions 'neath her bloody chariot rolled,
 As Papal edicts from her convents tolled (6)
 Through Gaul, Britannia and Germania's shores,
 Thy deeds of horror thy dread march disclose,
 Through Caledonia and the Emerald Isle,
 On whom it seems the Fates did never smile,
 And whom oppression's hand hath oft undone ;
 Thou in thy blighting course full hath gone ; (1)
 And now insatiate, thou hast laid thy hand
 On fair Columbia's Southern Eden land :
 And o'er her now with flames from nether hell,
 Thou pourest upon her beauteous plain the fell—
 The deadly plague, with steps of thunder—still.
 Thou marchest on—thy paths with blood dost fill
 Through fire and blood—still onward thou dost come,
 Thy gory hands and eyes upon her form ;
 Thy sword o'erhanging—oh ! most gracious Lord !
 Thy power exert !—and by thy single word,
 Which worlds create—and if it please destroy ;
 Stop now the monster !—whom death ne'er could cloy,
 Ere be destruction dire far o'er the land,
 Thy chosen Israel, and deal with ruthless hand,
 Ere war's wild furies o'er her plains have flown ;
 Where Thou, Oh God ! sole arbiter we own !
 But Muse digressive, truant, haste thee back,
 Where rules punctilious, point the well-known track.

X V

Within a room where luxuries surround,
 And guarded well by sentinels around,
 With troubled air and pale and tearful face.
 Sat beauteous Eula with a pensive grace ;
 Her snowy hands upraised, and clasped in air,
 And pleading eyes of love betokened prayer ;
 In murmured accents rose the trembling tones,
 Which fell on ears besides the Higher Ones ;
 And these the words that borne on Faith's bright wing,
 Ascend to realms above, where angels sing.
 " Oh ! Father God !—a suppliant at thy throne,

I ask Thy help and mercy now for one
 Who in the cold embrace of Death may lie
 His generous soul at home beyond the sky;
 But if alive—oh God of mercy spare!
 Deliver him from those who vengeance swear!
 Their hard hearts soften, and teach them to see
 Their blighting error, and Thy will obey!
 Thou Prince of Peace and of the battle-field,
 Grant us Thy armor as protective shield!
 Forgive those who our sires and brothers slew,
 As Thou hast said, "They know not what they do!"
 Just as these words in thrilling accents rose,
 A step was heard; and soft the door unclosed,
 With cry of joy commingled with alarms,
 The laughing May Bell flies to Eula's arms.

XVI.

"Oh, dearest Eula!—how romantic now!
 To be imprisoned for a lover's vow!
 Despite their care my way I now have found
 To you sweet Eula, though a wall surround;
 Your jealous lover too I've fairly fooled
 By vows of faith that I would have you schooled;
 No matter how—but I should find a way
 To make your stubborn heart his will obey
 A Rebel too, you were, I did declare,
 But this is naught—I must your danger share.
 Ere long he'll come—then meet him with a smile,
 And his vain heart with hope you'll soon beguile,
 Grant his fond wish, if he will but restore
 To you your friends and liberty once more.
 Do this my fairy, leave the rest to me!"
 And whirling round the room she danced with glee;
 A moment more—she paused by Eula's knee—
 And kissed her o'er and o'er impulsively.
 "Now cease thy weeping Dear"—she said, "oh cease!
 And let thy gentle heart now rest in peace!
 Lampier impatient soon will visit thee,
 Then let thy sparkling eyes from tears be free!
 Smooth thy dark ringlets from thy classic brow,
 And Lampier pitying thee may break his vow;
 Be careful Eula—let him have his way,
 Though quite reluctant you must yet obey;
 If he to-night would have your nuptials be,

Consent sweet creature, leave the rest to me;
 And when he thinks to claim your envied charms,
 Some pitying God shall snatch you from his arms;
 Like Iphigenia from the burning flame,
 And Lampier will with grief that none can tame,
 For one so beauteous, lost like olden fame,
 Said of sad Orpheus, play such melting strains
 That Pluto, lenient grown, shall slack his reins.
 Now Dear, farewell—Lampier approaches near;
 Take my advice, and have no other fear!"

She left the room, her sweet voice murmuring low,
 A plaintive melody, which breathed of woe.

XVII

Fair Eula stood, and gazing on the grate,
 Wondered what trick May Bell could contemplate.
 She heard their voice in whisper'd converse low,
 The one—May Bell's—the others well did know;
 Her heart stood still, and terror shook her frame,
 As thought of Mara o'er her mind still came.
 She saw him now surrounded by deadly foes,
 Again within a prison's walls repose;
 The clanking chains his noble limbs surround,
 As to the dungeon floor he's closely bound.
 Oh! sight of horror pictured in the brain,
 Thou'lt nerve the soul to daring deeds again!
 And in thy torturing anguish urge it on
 To act from impulse, and the heart thus crown
 With hope's bright buds, which withered long have
 lain

As vernal breezes wake the flowers again.
 Oh beauteous Hope!--Olympus' fairest gift,—
 The heart's lone solace when of joy bereft!
 The cheering ray, which beckons sorrow on,
 And lifts the drooping soul by grief weighed down;
 In earth's large constellation, brightest star,
 Exert thy influence from afar,
 And teach the soul to look beyond thee!--on
 To Him for help, who gave thee thy bright dawn.

XVIII

Lampier with haughty step the chamber strode;
 Approached young Eula where she proudly stood;

Took her cold hand—in gentle tones inquired
 “How she had passed the time which had transpired
 Since he with all a lover’s warmth had laid
 That coward traitor and her captor dead:”
 “Dead!” she repeated, as she backward sprang,
 From his foul touch as from a serpent’s fang;
 Her glance of withering scorn fixed on his face—
 Told him too well the weight of his disgrace—
 As falls an avalanche of Alpine snows,
 ‘Crushing earth’s fairest flower where it grows;
 Turning an Eden to a desert wild,
 As on fair villages its weight is piled;
 So fell this dreaded word on Eula’s ear,
 Crushing hope’s blossoms in her heart most dear
 On her fair brow a cloud of anguish hung,
 And ‘neath its calm reproof his heart was stung.
 The guilty man approached, the silence broke,
 And blandly kind the words in which he spoke.

N I A

“Fair Eula, look not thus on one who still
 With nought but joy thy future path would fill;
 The purest feelings of whose heart are given
 To thee, and thee alone, beneath the heaven.
 Upon affection’s altar hath my heart
 Laid love’s first flowers of life the holiest part,—
 Then loved—nay, more, thou worshiped one, accept!
 Take now the heart which once thou didst reject!
 Thy harsh behest my pure love will forgive
 Shouldst thou relenting bid my spirit live!”
 He spoke, and with humility’s feigned eye,
 In patient meekness waited her reply;—
 It came—in tones so freezing, icy-cold—
 Fraught with such anguish, that e’en Lampier bold
 As lawless bandit, who no law has known,
 Staggered with conscious guilt beneath her frown:—
 “Arch traitor, murderer of the deepest dye—
 Deceiver too, upon thy friends a spy!
 Think not a second time thy flattering art,
 With false assertions can deceive my heart!
 Saidst not, thy honored friend bestowed his hand
 On one of gentle mien, from foreign land?
 And of his early love did lightly speak,
 As foolish all, and boyish fancies weak?

That for the "glorious Union" he then fought,
 From Southern braves by Northern lucre bought ?
 And last and worst, in cold blood put an end
 To his life whom thou once didst call thy friend ?
 Hence traitor !—leave me !—nor once dare to ask
 Of any love—or in its rays to bask !
 Know that I scorn thee !—and would yield my life
 Yea love and all, ere I would be thy wife !

X X

"Hold, fearless creature !" Lampier did reply,
 With that sly, knavish twinkle of the eye,
 Which although his former plans had failed,
 Another yet remained, which now he hailed.
 "Hold !" he repeated, and in mockery knelt,
 "Thy wondrous beauty never more was felt,
 Than at this moment,—how thy dark eye's beam
 Pierces my very soul like lightning's gleam !
 Thy noble soul which ill can brook deceit,
 Shall henceforth have of it a full surfeit ;
 For thou must know that ere another dawn
 Shall cast its rosy hues o'er mount and lawn,
 And in her chariot bright Aurora tells
 Her dreamy light thrown far o'er hills and dells ;
 Her rosy fingers strewing pearly dews,
 Which beauteous rays to gentle flowers diffuse ;
 Of Sol's approach, before whom shamefac'd night
 Abashed and backward, flys away in fright.
 That thou my blooming, happy bride shall be
 With me to live in blest eternity !
 Start not, Dear Eula, my long cherished wish
 In love's bright Eden—this world's greatest bliss--
 Thou but assenting would be gratified
 When thou in blushing beauty wert my bride.
 But thou averse, fair force shall now obtain
 What pleading love has often sought in vain.
 Deck now thyself, thy hair with garlands weave
 In manner suited to thy bridal eve ;
 For as fair Luna floods the world with light,
 To Hymen's altar by her rays made bright,
 With beating heart and all a lover's pride,
 I'll lead thee as my beauteous, blushing bride."

X X I

With air of love, of awe, and anger mixed.
 On Eula his inquiring glance he fixed ;
 No word she spake—and coldly calm her air,
 Yet spoke her eyes, determination fair ;
 Lampier the signal read and knew full well
 The power required her spirit proud to quell ;
 Still on this act his demon soul was bent ;
 To jealousy foul wealth her lustre lent ;
 Which like a spur still urged him on to deeds
 Unpardoned e'en, amid the Prophet's creeds.
 The room he left, as died his steps away ;
 The laughing May Bell quickly crossed the way ;
 The house she entered—flew to Eula's room,
 Declared all wildly that the coming doom
 Which threatened Lampier could not now be waived
 His plans had failed, and Eula now was saved.
 " No question Dearest !—this my business is ;
 Into ' affairs of state ' I let no quiz !
 On Lampier's stalwart arm you soon must lean,
 And as his bride appear before Hymen"—
 " I Lampier's bride !—young Eula started up —
 No ! May, I'd rather drink that bitter cup
 Which thousands ere this time have calmly drank.
 Before which fair Lucretia never shrank,
 Than link my destiny with that vile man's,
 With traitor's guilt and blood upon his hands !
 But I will go !—and at that sacred place,
 Before the world I'll publish his disgrace !
 Announce to Lampier this my last intent,
 If to this end his purpose still is bent !
 " With what I please to add," May Bell did chime,—
 Such as selection of the place and time,—
 Near the old rural church without the town,
 The scene by moonlight at the hour of one,
 That your imperious nature will not yield,
 Lest in these things he leave to you the field—
 Ye Gods—fair Venus, Hymen, Cupid blind,
 With all your favors this meek couple bind !"
 She said—her beauteous head upraised in air,
 In mocking attitude of earnest prayer ;
 " How can she be thus happy, joyous, glad,
 When every feeling of my heart is sad ?"
 Thus murmured Eula, with a smiling gaze,
 At the mock gravity of May Bell's face.

X X I I

As through the valley comes the church bell's tone,
 The town clock answering, tolls the hour of one ;
 Oh lone weird hour, how shrinks the timid soul,
 When thy departure solemnly doth toll !
 The hour when crime 'neath Somnus' shadowy wings
 As shields protective, forth in vigor springs
 From his dark haunts, where joy's bright rays ne'er
 pierce

To murderous deeds with gloating visage fierce ;
 With dripping blood Earth's beauty stains,
 Till fair faced Dian seeks Hespera's plains ;
 And bright Aurora, mother of the dews,
 O'er Nature doth her gentle light diffuse.
 At such an hour within the old church wall,
 From which the moss and ivy graceful fall ;
 By forest monarchs thickly shaded o'er,
 Except the altar, now before the door,
 At which the ghosts from their white tombstones peer,
 And at the actors with pale faces leer,
 What do they spy--dark murder acted there ?
 Nay worse---to this foul murder's deeds were fair !
 It is a maiden, torn from all that's dear ;
 With ruffian hands her hearts bright flowers to sear,
 Dragged from her lover's arms, who bleeding lies,
 In fancy struggling now,—behold he dies !
 Forced to the altar of Almighty God,
 There to renounce forever by a word,
 Love, hope and kindred, freedom, country all,
 That noble feelings from the heart may call ;
 To bind her fate unchangably—forlorn ;
 To him her heart regards but with deep scorn ;
 Foul demon's deed—by thee oppression wrought,
 With lust of gold, and dire revenge both fraught—
 Thy crime thou'lt pay—for here as thou dost mete
 Thy measure from a juster hand thou'lt greet !
 Great not oppression in the bloody reign !
 Strewing the South with bodies of the slain,
 Laying thy hand of lust on beauty's bloom,
 Which from thy vile touch shrinks into the tomb ;
 Leaving young mothers houseless in the air,
 Their weeping children on their bosoms fair ;
 The beauteous bride, but for a day a wife,
 Is left to mourn the blasted hopes of life ;

The timid maiden whom he weeping left,
Is of her worshiped one by thee bereft;
The gray-hair'd father, aged mother too,
Are unregarded by thy murderous crew:
And o'er the sunny South thy robber bands
Lay waste the country, spoil the lovely lands,
Fair liberty they crush beneath their feet;
And gloating in their guilt, thee King, they greet!
Joy not—foul robbers now—the Southern braves
Will conquer thee, or sleep in patriot's graves!
The God of battles from his throne on high,
Now guards his people with protective eye!
Her prayers ascending thy dark form He'll crush,
And sorrow's cries by Peace's sweet strains He'll hush!

XXXIII.

But to the subject truant Muse now turn!
And may its pages with thy spirit burn!
The Priest stands by, his long robes sweep the ground,
With more of *hauteur* than sweet meekness crowned,
The book is open—while before him stands
A beauteous couple, as in love's bright bands
Were ere united—while upon them shines
Pale Luna's beams thrown from her starry shrine,
Their hands unclasped, to question first replies,
Lampier in triumph as the maid he views,
Who his proud gaze returns with one of scorn,
So piercing that he seems of courage shorn;
Why looks she thus?—methought young love was shy,
With deep'ning blush, bright'ning sparkling eye,
Which paint his joys with naught but rainbow dyes,
Whose colors vary fast as swift thought flies;
The questions asked, and quick doth Eula meet
Not as young brides are wont their spouse to greet,
But with proud scorn, her fair form drawing high,
While burning hatred flashes from her eye;
And her fair bosom heaves and moves amain,
As though her heart would burst from its wild pain;
She speaks: "Know traitor, that there is no change
Towards the first, who in my heart did reign!
Whom thou hast slandered, cheated, madly slain;
On thy dark forehead is the mark of Cain;
Kind conscience's dagger now is at thy heart,
And yet thou wilt not from thy deeds depart!"

I here denounce thee!—and would rather wed
 Old pale-faced Death, with all of him I dread,
 Than wed a traitor to the sunny South,
 The land which gave true liberty her birth!"

X X I V

"Then force perverse one, shall at last obtain
 What pleading love hath sought too oft in vain!
 Seize the fair captive men!" and turning round,
 A stunning blow his head bows to the ground;
 The Priest next falls while uttering holy words,
 With hypocritic cant, pierced by two swords.
 Lampier's fierce men attack the Southern band,
 With life's warm blood they now contest the land,
 With valor stern they now contest the land,
 And no one yields, save to high Death's command,
 One ruffian there his hand on Eula laid,
 In act of lifting—spies the wreaking blade,
 In terror fell, for mercy would have plead
 As it came flashing o'er his own drooped head;
 But Eugene laughing, bids him take the maid,
 And follow him within the forest shade.
 The man obeys—young Eula bears away
 From scenes where Death in riot holds his sway.
 Her cold face now with balmy waters bathe,
 Where wood-nymphs oft their beauteous limbs do lave,
 The cooling drops her fleeting life recall,
 And throw bright animation over all;
 Her senses come—on May Bell quick she calls,
 Who now upon the emerald carpet falls,
 In posture kneeling, as some goddess fair,
 White roses gleaming in her golden hair,
 Her eyes of heaven's own hue turned on Eugene,
 Who dumb with admiration views the scene
 Of peerless beauty, lightened by the stream
 Of silver light, shed by kind Luna's beam;
 Who from her starry throne looks sweetly down,
 And o'er her fair chastity throws Dian's crown.

X X V

Now to the scene of blood quick Eugene flies.
 As to dark sin from beauteous paradise;
 But duty calls, and beauty urges on,
 Her wrongs to right, and strike oppressors down.

His men fight bravely, and yet Lampier's stand
 With Spartan firmness, though quite small the band,
 In circle gathered round their wounded chief,
 Who on his bloody men calls for relief.
 Eugene's press closely—Lampier's stand their ground,
 Their glittering swords fierce lightning's flash around,
 Whose lights portentous, like the Gorgon's head,
 In stone-like horror fix, where e're they spread,
 Upon the coward heart the brave arms nerve,
 Which in dread battle's hour did never swerve,
 And with electric power still sustain
 The soul in deeds which wake the Poet's strain.
 Eugene appears with lightened vigor—on
 His impetuous men rush—as raging storm,
 Which gathering long has been with mutterings deep.
 At last burst forth, when first the lightning's leap,—
 So falls his men with force upon the foe ;
 Brave Eugene leading whereso'er they go.

XXVI

Lampier's brave second and Eugene now meet,
 Their flashing swords in mortal combat greet ;
 Upward they gleam like ignis fatuus dire,
 Then meeting with a clash they seem on fire.
 See now they parry !—now again come down,
 With shock portentous like the thunder sound ;
 Eugene's now raised, as silver shining bright,
 Meets Austen's gleaming with an equal light ;
 Again they parry, and again descend,
 Eugene's like lightning on the brave Austen ;
 Who in his breast the thirsty point receives,
 While to his trusty sword he tightly cleaves ;
 He staggers back—again he strikes his foe,
 And from his hand Eugene's bright blade falls low,—
 'Tis but a moment—now he grasps once more,
 And as he lifts 'tis wet with dripping gore.
 A moan is heard, with passing winds to blend.
 And heavy on the ground sinks brave Austen :
 'Neath clouds, in grief, fair Luna hides her face
 The twinkling stars sink deeper into space ;
 The night winds sigh, and add their gentle moan
 To life's last struggling gasp, the soul's last groan.
 Eugene in pity feels—o'er him doth bend,
 And in his fallen foe he finds a friend,

Whom he had known in childhood's happy days,
 With whom he shared his joys, his cares, his plays;
 He clasps his hand, he lifts his drooping head,
 Looks on his face where Death's cold palors spread,
 In anguish cries, My dear, my long lost friend,
 Have I thus found thee, at this bitter end?
 It was my hand that dealt the fatal blow,
 My trusty sword that laid thy proud head low!
 Forgive, Austen!—friend of my early years—
 Accept this last, the tribute of my tears!
 Tears shed for thee—in friendship always first!
 Oh, cruel war, this is thy bitterest curse!
 Friend against friend arrayed in mortal strife,
 Opposed to son, the father takes his life!
 Dear brothers nursed at the same mother's breast,
 Have on convulsive fields their wrongs redressed!
 To face opposed, they send the murd'rous shot,
 And hearts opposed sleep in the selfsame spot.
 Oh, God above! Thy power almighty lend,
 And may the Nation's perils have an end!

XXVII

With sorrowing heart Eugene now turns to view
 The scenes of death that did the ground o'erstrew;
 Near him a man in ghastly horror stands,
 His brother viewing, clasped in Death's cold bands,
 Another still, in posture kneeling o'er,
 The one who sacred name of father bore;
 And ever and anon the cold hand chafes,
 And muttering darkly, gazes on the face,
 Upturned, distorted, in such deadly hate,
 By death undimed, as though 'twere stamped by Fate,
 In scattered heaps the dead and dying lie,
 While in the distance friend and foe fast fly;
 The Northerns yield, the Southerns victory shout;
 And victor, vanquished, now, both join the rout.

XXVIII

With thoughts of Austen Eugene turned away,
 To seek young Eula, and her comrade May;
 As he approached, May Bell with blushing face,
 His power owned, and with her native grace,
 Announced Eugene her friend and Mara's too,

And bade fair Eula her protector view.
 He Mara's friend?—how still her poor heart stood,
 As her fair hand she gave in gratitude ;
 Her white lips moved, but words were far too weak,
 The teardrops only spoke on her pale cheek ;
 Her meek, dark eyes glittering with liquid rays,
 More than a thousand words spoke Eugene's praise ;
 He knew their meaning, and felt more repaid
 Than if Fame's wreath were on his temples laid.
 He told his plans, which they too should partake,
 To be in safety, ere the day should break.
 With feelings deeply sad he then revealed
 His schoolmate's death upon the battle-field ;
 Spoke of their childhood in such tender tone,
 That May Bell's laughing eyes with bright tears shone ;
 And Eula now her heart with sweet hope filled,
 Wept for her foe by her protector killed ;
 For he with friendly hand did interpose
 In her behalf when Lampier spoke of force ;
 She asked Eugene to "lay his body 'neath
 The soil where he had bravely met his death ;
 His was a noble heart and ill deserved
 To die defending laws he never served ;"
 "A father's will, dear Eula," May replied,
 Forced Austen in the service where he died ;
 But his proud heart was far too brave to yield
 To those called foe, upon the battle-field.

X X I X

With measured steps they slowly took their way
 Towards the battle-field where Austen lay ;
 The dark rough soldiers standing closely by,
 Viewed May and Eula with a curious eye ;
 With hurried strokes they formed a deep rude grave,
 In which they placed the honored and the brave,
 His bloody sword clasped tight with death's embrace
 Which oft in life his noble form did grace,
 Within its sheath was laid upon his breast ;
 As warriors brave are wont to take their rest.
 They gathered round, Eugene stood with the rest,
 His noble arms crossed on his heaving breast,
 Which as the grave closed over his lost friend,
 Heaved with a sigh as gentle as the wind
 That kisses with its breath the gentle flowers

Brought into life by April's genial showers ;
 And his stern eye with pearly teardrops shone
 Beneath the rays upon his features thrown,
 And showed that 'neath his soldier bosom beat,
 A heart where friendship's throb was passing sweet.

X X X .

With joy and sorrow striving for the sway,
 Fair Eula, May and Eugene turned away ;
 The first, rejoicing that from early tomb,
 Or mayhap worse—from slavery's bitter doom,
 Eugene's brave heart and arm of strength did save ;
 Yet mourned her lover sleeping 'neath the wave ;
 Jampier had said that " 'neath Missouri's tide
 My rival sleeps, and thou shalt be my bride ;"
 This was a thought that harrowed—would not sleep,
 But moaned on always like the mighty deep.
 And May Bell grieved for what she scarcely knew,
 Save that from guardian-kind she thither flew ;
 While to her lover thus her hand she gave,
 She saw another laid within the grave ;
 And mayhap mourned her coquetry with one
 Whom few could light esteem, and none could scorn.
 Eugene was happy, that he thus did save
 A lovely maiden from an early grave ;
 That to his friend he might restore the one
 From his cold form in battle's tumult torn ;
 Yet 'rose another joy 'mid death's alarms,
 When long lost May at last flies to his arms,
 Like beauteous bird which caught and caged so long,
 At last escaped, flies home with happy song.
 His heart was saddened too by the stern doom
 Which cast his friend so early in the tomb ;
 Which ere the flowers of feeling full had blown,
 Had with a ruthless hand destruction sown ;
 And grief was deeper—that *he* struck the blow
 Which fatal proved, and laid the brave youth low.

X X X I

Just at this juncture fast a courier came,
 Announced the foe upon the distant plain,
 Advancing too, their banners floating play,

Triumphant in the approaching light of day
 "To horse, brave soldiers, guard these ladies fair,
 And to our tents we quickly will repair ;"
 Eugene thus spoke—the soldiers swiftly flew :
 Soon on their charging coursers came in view .
 Eugene returns—two noble steeds they see—
 May Bell in joy claps her fair hands in glee,
 Vaults in the saddle, bares her beauteous face.
 The Yankee column banters for a race.
 They all are mounted, swift as wind they fly :
 The foe in sight pursuing, comes more nigh ;
 The stream they cross, the bridge they quickly tear.
 Ere it is finished the pursuer's near,
 With speed impetuous, nor of danger dream,
 But bounding onward leap into the stream.
 Where horse and rider struggling far below,
 Soon sink—the latter to the shades below ;
 Where o'er the river Styx, more swift they roar,
 In Charon's boat reach safe the other shore,
 Where as expected guests reception bland,
 They meet firm hospitable Pluto's hand.

X X X I I .

As sank the sun, and rose Diana's shrine,
 Shedding o'er earth her softened light divine,
 May Bell and Eula mutely viewed the scene,
 Within a bower where roses formed a screen,
 With dreamy eye young Eula gazed afar,
 Her snowy hand rested on her sweet guitar,
 Which mutely lay, her sad song being hushed
 By thoughts which o'er the heart unbidden rushed,
 Bringing with them sweet scenes of by-gone hours,
 When life's dark path was filled with fairest flowers,
 'Mid whose perfumes could she forever bask,
 No other joy on earth she'd ever ask.
 May Bell's bright eyes with added lustre shone,
 And sweet and tender was the warbling tone.
 As with love's glance she viewed the daring deeds
 Done by the one who for her young heart pleads.
 She smiling sat, a beauteous picture seemed,
 Her form half seen, and half by roses screened,
 A sound she hears, she moves, a figure sees
 Standing half hidden by the clustering trees ;
 Eugene comes near, brought by her warbling tone,

And leads her forth—fair Eula leaves alone:
 As cease their voices 'mong the flowering trees,
 Sad Eula's song floats on the evening breeze;
 In accents low the touching numbers sound,
 Filling with trembling the woods around;
One spell-bound stands, the voice still trembling rings;
 And these the words his beauteous angel sings:

I

Dark sorrows waves have o'er me rolled,
 Like billows of the mighty sea:
 In surges by life's winds controlled,
 Engulfing all that's dear to me.

I I

Oh! cruel Fate, why thus destroy
 The dearest, sweetest dreams of youth?
 Why the young heart with sorrow cloy,
 And leave no hope its grief to soothe?

I I I

Ah, cease!—my heart 'neath grief now bends.
 Of all it ever loved bereft;
 No earthly joy a vision sends,
 To cheat it of the gloom that's left.

I V

Oh, what is life?—when in the tomb
 The young affections withered lie?
 Thine have been seared by trouble's gloom,
 Oh! would all feeling too could die!

The minstrel ceases, and the sweet strains die
 In lengthening, thrilling tones of exstasy
 Her meek dark eyes towards the door she turns;
 Is it a vision on her wild brain burns?
 It is no dream!—she springs to his embrace—
 On Mara's bosom hides her tearful face!

XXXIII

Oh love !—fair being of celestial birth !
In mercy sent, with many ills on earth,
With thy sweet pleasures life's dark path to cheer,
Strewing sweet roses 'mid the thistles there ;
Pure love divine !—what magic in thee lies,
What heaven of heavens within the telltale eyes !
What deep'ning blushes tinge the burning cheek !
What happy tears obscure the drooped eye meek !
What rapturous joys within the bosom lie !
What whirling tempest in a single sigh !
Oh, Cupid blind !—why wast thou made with wings,
Whose wanton flight but lasting sorrow brings ?
Dame Reason would thy quivering pinions clip,
Since from them nought but bitter dregs we sip.

CANTO IV.

Oh love! what is it in this world of ours,
Which makes it fatal to be loved?—Ah why
With cypress branches hast thou wreathed thy bowers,
And make thy best interpreter a sigh?

BYRON.

I

Oh direful Mars!—thou furious God of war,
Why with thy shadow love and beauty mar?
In thunder o'er the field why still dost go?
In thy dread rout fair Cupid's bitterest foe;
Stop now thy sword!—lest his sweet wings of grace,
In doleful weeping veil his rosy face!
And for her son, fair Venus breathing wrath,
Should in deep anger ever shun thy path!
In love's bright eden fast the hours sped by,
With lightning swiftness 'neath its rosy sky,
Mid blooming glade, and low sweet murmuring brook,
Upon whose crystal face the wild flowers look,
The happy lovers passed their hours of bliss;
No hours like love's do heavenly joys e'er kiss,
Nor dreamed of woe, 'till clarion's thrilling sound
With trembling echoes wake the woods around,
Calling from beauty and love's fairy bower
To scenes where e'en a robber's heart would cower.
Oh wonder not the warrior's heart should fail,
Which ne'er before in battle's hour did quail!
When from an idol newly found he's torn,
For whom the flowers of love have freshly blown,
And mayhap hurried to a dreadful doom;
His grave, his death, his suffering all unknown;
While one with pensive brow and saddened heart
Counts o'er the hours their souls apart.

II

'Twas thus with Mara—for was now bestowed,
The one who in his boyish visions glowed;

The brightest, fairest star whom he had mourned,
 As false and hollow as the world he scorned.
 This falseness mourned with bitterness of woe,
 Such as but souls of higher order know ;
 For he ne'er sighed, as grieve the vulgar throng,
 Making his woes a theme of worldly song ;
 Or soon forgetting vows in secret breathed,
 In uttering which the heart ecstatic heaved ;
 And at the shrine of wealth and fashion bow,
 And falsely utter love's most sacred vow ;
 But like the dove in some sequestered glade,
 Where leafy bowers form a darkened shade
 To Nature's self, his touching strain he poured ;
 As worthiest listener to the grief that gored.
 His was a soul that soared o'er meaner things,
 That scorned the human head as poised on wings
 Of tireless flight, the eagle proud looks down,
 Upon the earth, that ne'er leave the ground.
 His gifted soul bid him ascend above,
 And drink from Nature's fount the draught of love.
 The mountains, earth, and breadth that oceans span,
 Seemed more his kindred than blood-thirsty man ;
 With these he lived, and held communion sweet,
 But was there none his spirit longed to greet ?
 Yea, there *was one* congenial spirit mild,
 To which his own had turned, 'mid passions wild,
 And madly prayed, and sought return once more
 In dove-like beauty, as in days of yore,
 And o'er his path be ever hovering fair,
 As angel o'er the couch of dark despair.
 And now returned,—how could he part from her,—
 The only object that e'er made life dear ?

III

'Twas hard to part, but stern voiced duty called
 To battle-fields where deadly thunders palled ;
 Where Death rides riot o'er the trembling field,
 From whose stern arm proud valor is no shield.
 And where the life so dearly prized of late,
 Might flow, to quench his thirst insatiate.
 The summons came—'twas at the twilight hour
 The lovers sat within a rosy bower,
 Their hands enclasped—their lips in silence sealed,
 For thus are thrilling thoughts most clear revealed ;

Sweet love ne'er speaks—'twere sacrilege to break
 The spell divine, where feelings volumes speak, —
 Where heart to heart and soul to soul are bound,
 And but love's joys ecstatic do surround,
 Forming an Eden while its pleasures last,
 Which like fair happiness, but flies too fast.
 The summons fell as falls the thunder's dart,
 With blasting power upon proud Mara's heart.
 Within an hour to leave, perhaps for aye,
 The one to whom his thoughts would ever stray !
 To fall mayhap beneath a foeman's hand,
 Or captive die upon the foe's vile land !
 Oh thought of horror !—feeling of despair !
 Why thus intrude, where love's bright hopes were fair ?
 'Tis ever thus—the sweetest cup of joy
 Hath in its sweetness drops of grief's alloy,
 The fairest rose that ever yet was born
 Beneath its crimson petals hides a thorn ;
 And fate decreed that man no joy should know,
 But should be balanced by an equal woe.

I V

With heart o'erburthened too much for reply,
 Fair Eula listened with a downcast eye
 To Mara's hopes, his yearning love and fear,
 Until the last, the dreaded time drew near.
 Mara arose, with haughty form erect.
 As if his will, his feelings would' subject :
 He spoke—in manly accents low ;
 Trembled as shaken by some bitter woe ;
 " Eula," he said, as bright his dark eye shone,
 With rising tears his pride would vain disown,
 " Weep not for me ; should I in battle fall ;
 But think that glory hovers o'er my pall,
 That e'en in battle's hour when pressed by foes.
 When life's warm tide was ebbing—and the throes
 Of direful death were felt—that smiling proud,
 From fame's deathbed, I looked upon the cloud :
 Thought of my country, dearest, and of you.
 The only idol that my spirit knew ;
 That as death took your image from my eye,
 I prayed that we might meet beyond the sky !"
 He ceased—his voice in trembling accents died,
 And mutely gazed upon his promised bride,

Whose pale face with the marble's whiteness vied,
 From whose drooped eyes the crystal drops did glide
 In quick succession, yet escaped no sigh,
 Though anguish deep, now rent her spirit high.
 It was too much—proud Mara turned away,
 To hide the tears his sternness could not stay ;
 Convulsively his proud form trembling shook.
 And wanted firmness—now his soul forsook.
 At length he turned, gazed on her tearful eye.
 Which drooped—all tearful in her agony.
 He stooped—her cold brow kissed—but lingering still.
 Again he wildly pressed—then said “Farewell.”
 And ere she spoke, he quickly turned away,
 While yet his will o'er passions deep held sway
 Poor Eula bowed her head on her fair hand,
 Then in woe's eloquence these words began :—
 “Oh scathing anguish!—cease thy racking spell!
 My bleeding heart thrice uttered thy farewell—
 Oh, worshiped one!—but my cold lips ne'er spake.
 So deep the throes that seemed my heart to break.
 Could I but take one long, one last fond look,
 My soul this bitter grief could better brook ;
 But thus to part—when tears did blind my sight
 With burning feelings, striving in their might!
 In tumult such that no fond word I gave.
 On which to ponder, when dark trouble's wave—
 Overwhelmed his soul.—Oh that he'd now return!
 To calm the fears that in my spirit burn!”
 “Oh, weep not dearest!” was the tender tone.
 Fell on her ear, and Mara's voice was known ;
 She started—shrank—was clasped in his embrace.
 And on his throbbing heart hid her pale face ;
 He felt her shudder, yet he dared not look
 Upon that face whose grief he ne'er could brook ;
 Whose smile alone shone out on life's dark cloud,
 The only rainbow owned his spirit proud ;
 Her dark hair falling like the veil of night,
 In lengthening folds concealed her young form bright.
 Her snowy arms clasped o'er proud Mara's breast,
 Lay in the innocence of love caressed ;
 'Twas silence all—no jarring word now broke ;
 'Twas heart to heart, and soul to soul that spoke ;
 Her yielding form he madly, wildly pressed,
 Which to his bosom clung mutely caressed,—
 Kissed her pale lips—once, thrice—again—once more ;
 But ere she spoke had crossed the garland door.

V

He paused one moment—took one farewell look,
 While her proud form with thrilling feelings shook .
 In that one moment years of grief did roll,
 Like ocean's foaming billows o'er his soul,
 Leaving deep traces on fair memory's plain,
 Which pleasure's waves can ne'er erase again.
 In that brief space he lived his childhood o'er,
 Life's happy spring-time—hours of joy—before
 The golden chain of confidence was broke,
 With all its witching links by treachery's stroke;
 Lived o'er the hours when love's fair star-light rose,
 Painting each flower of life with its bright hues;
 Making this earth an Eden, where did seem
 That happiness was pure—~~was~~ not a dream;
 Until foul jealousy's green eyes shone forth,
 Diming the rays upon his love-lit path.
 But last, and fondest, dwelt upon the time,
 When truth's bright beams upon his way did shine:
 When fled the clouds and smoke of dark distrust,
 When happiness and truth upon him burst;
 And Eula true—her young heart's love bestowed;
 Ah! how his soul with burning rapture glowed!

VI

Oh Lexington!—a name for aye renowned,
 As place where Liberty in thund'ring sound,
 Announced to fair Columbia's foes that she
 From British usurpation would be free; (1)
 And now again the cries much louder sound
 From fair Missouri's far-famed battle ground,
 Telling the foe that our proud spirits stern,
 With patriotism's holy fires now burn;
 With fierceness such, fanned by oppression's stain,
 That naught but blood can ere erase again.
 How many sleep, couched on the bed of fame,
 Who seem to live at mention of thy name!
 How like a wreath their names around thee twine,
 In living blossoms deck it as a shrine!
 And how the heart's ecstatic feelings glow,
 As Liberty's bright halo crowns thy brow!

V I I

As rose Aurora o'er earth's darkened plain,
 With rosy light announced the day-god's train,
 Stern Mara sat, and hailed her bright'ning dawn,
 And wished his bleeding country now so torn,
 Might like that star now bursting into light,
 Oppression's gloom disperse, by valor bright.
 And rising thence, with God its central sun,
 Show nations where true liberty begun.
 He thought of deeds by Northern vandals done,
 Of mothers murdered—of their children shorn,
 Of cities plundered and their beauties spoiled,
 In gath'ring which his southern brethren toiled !
 Of 'prisoned fathers—daughters torn away,
 With ruthless hand the vile invader's prey !
 How one he loved had suffered at their hands,
 While held a captive by their fiercest bands ;
 This thought but seemed their arm of strength to nerve,
 Which in dread battle's hour did never swerve.
 With nervous air he clenched his trusty sword,
 Then back and forth, with hurried footstep strode,
 He paused a moment, called his noble steed,
 And mounting swift as passing wind he fled.

V I I I

On, on he flies, as meteor of the night,
 His form scarce figured in the dawning light,
 Seemed more a phantom in its headlong flight ;
 So strange his aspect, and so wild his plight.
 On still he bounds, the echo far resounds,
 Through forest's depths his ebon courser bounds.
 His wild eyes gleaming a fearful fire,
 As to the simple ignis fatuus dire ;
 His sword grasped firmly show'd full well the strength
 Of deep revenge to which his purpose bent,
 As on he dashed, with ever quick'ning speed.
 Regardless whether foes his path impede ;
 A whistling bullet cleaved the dusky air,
 The dark plume cutting from his forehead fair.
 And onward passing in its lightning speed,
 Left him unharmed upon his flying steed ;
 Who bounded on o'er hill and level plain,
 Till he the forest's terminus did gain.

• There Mara paused, his fierce eye viewed the scene
 Of snow-white camps that dot the emerald green.
 Their size, position, number, dimly seen,
 By the faint ray of Sol's approaching beam.

I X

He stood one moment, then as if impelled
 By hatred which no vengeance ever quelled,
 He spurred his horse, dashed to the nearest camp,
 Whose inmates, awakened by his courser's tramp,
 Rushed to the door to find the unwonted cause,
 While others gaping did with terror pause ;
 He of their leader asked an interview,
 As near the camp with haughty air he drew ;
 His courser moving as he scorned the ground,
 Which 'neath his "hoofs of fear" did trembling sound,
 About their numbers, and their "leader's den,"
 He learned enough of unsuspecting men,
 Who gathering round scanned him with curious glance,
 And spoke of "Rebels" in their low parlance,
 As cowards all, whom they could quickly rout
 With one discharge, or mayhap with a shout.
 He heard no more, his dark eyes darker grew
 As Lampier's hated figure came in view ;
 With haughty step and air of confidence,
 Thinking his victim quite beyond defence :
 " Coward !" said Mara, while his dark eye flamed,
 And woman's weakness Lampier's features shamed,
 Draw forth thy sword, defend thy worthless life,
 Which with but deeds of blackest dye is rife !
 For treachery, murder, and oppression foul,
 My thirsty vengeance calls for thy black soul !
 " Ha ! dost decline--and still of valor brag ?
 This day I'll meet thee 'neath that dark'ning flag,
 Whose folds to foes doth give, nor quarter ask !
 There will my vengeance in thy dark blood bask !
 Take that !" he said, and without warning word,
 On Lampier's cheek he struck his flaming sword,
 Then sunk his spurs deep in his courser's side,
 Who bounded forward in his strength and pride,
 Like arrow from the savage's well-strung bow,
 Laying with his dread hoofs his scared foes low,
 And rushing onward like an Alpine blast,
 Escaped unscathed, though shot fell thick and fast.

X

As Mara neared where the dense forest spread,
 He heard the whizzing of the deadly lead,
 He saw the flashing of the picket gun,
 And knew too well the conflict had begun.
 With burning zeal he swiftly urged him on,
 To join his men amid the bullet's storm.
 Their ranks he joined, with valor charged the foe
 Who dreading fire, within their breastworks go ;
 But why their daring hero repeat,
 When history's voice their lasting praise shall speak,
 And why the tale of deadly strife rehearse,
 When daily actions speak much more than verse ?
 When every battle fought's almost the same,
 The lust of conquest or the thirst of fame,
 The one side moving—while for liberty
 The oppressed to God, with dauntless valor cry

XI

Thy name, oh Lexington ! honors the South,
 And with thine, Price's too fills every mouth (2)
 Here Raines, McBride, Parsons, and General Stein,
 Fought for fair fame—immortal Freedom's shrine ;
 And Bledsoe, Clark, Hughes and brave Jackson,
 Will live, while lives the name of Lexington !
 Slack, Harris, Boyd, Green and Major Winston,
 Have on the page of history brightly shone.
 Of even converse be the leading tone
 By soldier father told to wondering son,
 By son bequeathed to grandson, and so down,
 Till theirs and liberty's fair cause were one.
 But where was Mara in this feast of fame.
 Why tells not history his heroic name ?
 Joined he not in the ranks of Freedom's call,
 Did no oppressor 'neath his strong arm fall ?
 Yea, many who for booty and beauty thirsted
 His bright sword caused to bite the bloody dust ;
 Yet met he not the hated foe he sought,
 Who 'neath the death dark flag had never fought :
 Nor wished he now with foe of Mara's nerve,
 Whose soul till death he knew would never swerve :
 From cold blood murder shrank his generous heart,
 So he of valor chose the better part.

And thus deprived revenge, the sweetened feast,
 Which burning hate had so much longed to taste.
 His brave command, which oft' and oft' had bled,
 On many battle-fields had left its dead ;
 Which sacred ever thenceforth should remain,
 Till patriotism cease our hearts to claim.
 He fought with madness—near was victory's shout—
 He fought wherever valor pointed out,
 Nor reck'd he e'er of danger, quite content,
 Upon his foes his burning ire to vent.

XII

As Mara stood upon the hill that far
 O'erlooked the desolating scene of war,
 Near him he spied a man of soul to dare, (3)
 Of tott'ring frame, upon whose silver hair
 The winters of some three-score had left
 Their snowy whiteness, though of power bereft
 To charge the foe,—within his eye there burned
 Youth's restless spirit, as he quickly turned
 At each discharge of his unerring gun,
 Which told a foe with life would soon be done,
 And with firm hand another did replace,
 His weapon drew in line with his ag'd face, •
 And as its voice rang out far o'er the land,
 It told one less was numbered 'gainst our band.
 Thus did he fire, with constant deadly aim,
 Until the sun twice sought Hespera's plain ;
 And when fair victory with rosy wing,
 Hovered above the one's who freedom sing,
 He rose deliberate, left the glorious scene,
 And sought repose within a cot serene.
 Young Mara gazed, and felt within his heart,
 That Liberty's fair form would never part,
 From courage such as this to perch upon
 The banners where her image had been torn :
 Where that of vile oppression now is borne,
 To crush brave patriots, but her object sworn ;
 And in philanthropy's fair name to throw (1)
 Upon earth's fairest land the dregs of woe.

XIII

As from fame's field with all a lover's pride.

On wings of love to claim his promised bride,
 Proud Mara hastened—dreaming not a foe
 In lurking waited where he was to go ;
 Nor feared if dreamed ; for his proud spirit brave
 Feared not the foe, nor yet an early grave ;
 In hope exulting—joy enough to know,
 That Eula loved—he asked on earth no more.
 Oh ; 'tis a soul of higher, purer tone,
 That loves forever,—loves but one alone !
 That at one shrine in lasting worship proud,
 Will bow—although distrust its splendor cloud,
 That 'mid the wreck of earth's most cherished hopes,
 In sorrow's midnight—when proud reason droops,
 When torturing jealousies afflict the heart,
 When friends fall off—and love's bright joys depart.
 Leaving a waste, a desert of the mind,
 Where but the vines of disappointment climb.—
 If 'midst such tempest still it worship on,
 Not earth it claims, but kindred heaven born !
 Within its depths there lurks the immortal fire,
 Which in dark trouble's hour will raise—inspire
 The sinking soul, 'till it exultant rise,
 And claim a nearer kindred with the skies !
 And thus was Mara, for there burned for years.
 The flame undying, nursed by bitterest fears ;
 By absence strengthened—sorrow made sublime—
 In thought deeprooted—large of growth from time—
 With life increasing—ever growing still—
 It seemed h's being and his soul to fill !
 Then wonder not if living hearts thus riven,
 Restored once more should think earth less than
 heaven !

XIV

As dipped the flaming sun in ocean's breast,
 With roseate colors tinging far the west.
 And peeped the stars forth from the aerial light,
 With timid eye, as though they feared the light :
 Within the forest deep, whose umbrage dark,
 Admitted not from far the silver spark ;
 Upon his flying steed with naught of fear.
 On bounded Mara—but one object dear—
 The center and the subject of his thought,
 And it with life's most cherished hope was fraught ;

As on he flew across a rippling stream,
 Whose darkened surface mirrored not a beam
 Of friendly light his lonely way to cheer;
 A something seemed to whisper him "Beware!"
 He paused a moment—then as scorning fear,
 Onward he pressed—but still the voice would cry
 In warning tones—"Thy enemy is nigh!"
 This warning scoffing, he would not return;
 He seized his sword—his spirit seemed to burn
 With fires of vengeance—ere the sheath he drew
 The whizzing death shot near his bosom flew,
 A second—third—and then at last one more,
 Which at his feet his noble steed laid low.
 Quick from its sheath his trusty blade he drew,
 The dark foe came—and high in air it flew,
 Descending, cleaved from head the bloody trunk—
 Then in another's bosom deep it sunk,
 Who gasping fell—and Lampier's bloody band
 His dripping weapon wrested from his hand,
 As then he prostrate lay upon the dead,
 The threatening sword menacing o'er his head.
 He heard a voice in stern and high command,
 And knew his bitterest foes the robber's band,
 As came the well-known voice he bound'd away,
 With lightning swiftness from his captor's sway;
 With one full stroke dealt by his arm of strength,
 He laid his hated enemy at length,
 And as his arm was raised again to strike,
 A shot was heard—a moment gleamed the light—
 A thicker darkness hovered o'er the eye,
 Upon the murmuring breeze's passing sigh,
 A groan of agony was borne away,
 And Mara sank, the Northern vandal's prey

X V

Two hours passed—fair Dian lit the plain,
 And shone upon a bridal scene again;
 Why through the dim-lit chamber's softened light,
 Walks the fair bride to gaze out on the night?
 Lo! the bright teardrops glisten in that eye,
 Which now in pleading grief is raised on high!
 And now again toward the path they turn,
 While in their depths dark anguish seems to burn;
 Intently gazing on the shadowy track,

As if to call her own loved wanderer back,
 Why weeps sweet Enla on her bridal eve,
 Do tyrant's ruthless deeds her bosom grieve?
 Not so—her hand she fondly gives to one
 For whom the star of love alone had shone;
 Whose hand had power to touch the magic chord
 Of feeling's harp, and by a look or word,
 Bring forth such music as would thrill the soul
 To its deep depths, while the sweet anthem's roll.
 Then does she doubt the constancy of him
 Who was the worship of her heart to claim?
 No! no!—young creature—thy pure love's too deep,
 Such thoughts upon thy idol's truth to heap!
 For true love doubts not, 'tis too well assured
 By its own depths with consciousness endued—
 Of its own law which all it hath will yield.
 And trusting all, expects an equal zeal;
 And sooner far will doubt the truth of heaven.
 Than one bright token by its idol given!
 But hark!—she speaks—the night winds softer moan.
 As on their dewy wings her voice is borne,
 In tones which seem of sorrow to complain.
 As touching as the bulbul's heartfelt strain: (5)
 “Why lingers he?—his steed is swift as light;
 His bright blade death to all it meets in fight,
 Forever true when lifted by his arm,
 No enemy e'er met it without harm;
 His heart still truer to his bride would fly
 Though foes surrounded—or in combat die—
 Which, oh forbid!—Immortal God of heaven!
 And may he safely to my heart be given!
 Yes, he will come—if life and strength remain,
 His truth my heart can never doubt again!
 Though there are souls of mammon's meaner mold,
 Who for the lust of lucre foul are sold,
 Who although bound by love's most sacred vow,
 Would in the golden idol's worship bow;
 At sacrifice of earth's most sacred joys,
 Which when obtained the heart with loathing cloy,
 Yet his descends not thus, though flattered much
 By wealth and beauty, and how few to such
 Unheeding turn,—he yet is all my own,—
 Though from my bosom now by sad fate torn.
 Oh haste thee—Mara, loved, thy beaming smile
 My poor heart wanting, sinks in death the while!

And weeps in sadness as the maiden wan (6)
 Who watched with tearful eyes the setting sun,
 Her young heart drooping, as by love betrayed,
 While far beyond Hesperian plains he strayed ;
 But rising fresh as falling dews when far,
 His orient beams eclipsed the morning star,
 In silent worship—as he lit the plain ;
 So life revives when thou shalt smile again."

XVI

" But heard I not afar the chattering sound
 Of hoofs of fear, that shake the trembling ground ?
 Is it not he ?—he still my throbbing heart !
 Will boding troubles from thee ne'er depart ?
 Why whisper me of blood and death alone.
 When he on wings of love is swiftly borne !
 Why of his absence when the fleet winds damp.
 Bears me the sound of his proud courser's tramp ?
 Yes, it is he ! Love urges him apace,
 I see the dark plumes drooping o'er his face—
 Now he approaches"—but she sees no more.
 The blinding tears of joy's delicious woe,
 Shut out the vision from her eager eye,
 Her fair head bowed she sobbed convulsively.

XVII

How at such moments does the heart oft turn
 With bursting feelings that within it burn,
 And rise above, endued with kindred joy,
 To thank its Maker ; but as feelings cloy,
 The lips seem chained, and vaunting speech is dumb,
 While tear drops show the heart is not benumbed.
 'Twas thus with Eula, for she humbly bent,
 In posture kneeling sought her thanks to vent ;
 She moved her lips, but only bright tears flowed,
 While feeling's fullness in her dark eye glowed.
 She rose—her eye now shone resplendent fair,
 Illum'd by joy—as stars in rosy air
 Upon the door she looks with hope and fear,
 Where she expects her lover to appear ;
 To lead her as his own, his promised bride,
 In blushing beauty to the altar's side.
 An hour passed by—an hour of deep suspense,

When doubts and fears were racking every sense ;
 When torn upon imagination's rack,
 Her mind had wandered o'er each bloody track.
 Had viewed her lover dead, his proud form torn.
 And by the ruthless hands of robbers borne ;
 Saw him a captive in a dungeon dim,
 The heavy chain surround his noble limb.
 Thus did she sit, each moment seeming years
 If anguish measure time, so fraught with fears,
 That her sweet face to livid whiteness grew :
 All strength of action from her body flew ;
 She 'sayed to move—her trembling limbs refused
 To act the purpose for which they were used.
 She tried to speak—her voice in whispers died—
 All, all, was gone, save torture in her pride !
 And thus she sat, a statue carved in grief.
 Yet came no friendly hand to her relief.
 At last May Bell opened the door apace,
 Eula one glance threw on her calm pale face,
 But ere she spoke, "Dear Eula" knew no more
 And pale and senseless sank upon the floor.

XVIII

Fair, lovely May, above whose earnest face
 The bridal wreath reposed in careless grace,
 Stood by the couch, where seemed that Death would
 claim
 In stern defiance now the still cold frame,
 Which now in lieu of earthly bridegroom took,
 And o'er its beauty his cold fingers shook ;
 At length as May Bell o'er her friend did bow,
 And chafed with tender care the marble brow,
 As ere the sun we see his rosy beam,
 So o'er her features shot a transient gleam,
 She shuddered, gasped, and slowly life returned.
 Her snowy lids unclosed—her dark eyes turned,
 And rest'd on May Bell with a vacant stare,
 Which said though life, yet reason dwelt not there

XIX

Eugene approached, not with a step of joy,
 But as if grief with pleasure did alloy ;
 He sought May Bell, told to her listening ear

The horrid tale of blood, of death and fear,
 Where near the stream, within the forest dark,
 Whose waves ne'er glitter 'neath the silver spark
 Of Luna's light,—his friend mayhap had died,—
 Outdone by foes, of whom two forms he spied,
 Pierced with a sabre, by a dextrous hand,
 As by one stroke they reached another land

X X

The crowd dispersed, which waiting long had been
 And viewed in meeting but one marriage scene,
 Where as another was to grace the eve,
 To add new lustre by its beauty leave.
 A lasting impress on the mind of all,
 Who on that night did at the cottage call.
 But the lost bridegroom ! " Where! oh where was he ?
 How perished—where—who could the murderer be ?"
 Were the questions that flew through the lighted rooms.
 Some wondered—shrank—and spoke in under tones,
 Of Lane, Montgomery, and their bloody bands,—
 Of deeds committed by their bloody hands,
 And feared their journey to their neighboring home,
 Lest 'neath night's cloak they should upon them come.

X X I

As breaks the sun's light o'er the darkened earth,
 So broke fair reason, where it had been dearth,
 In Eula's mind dispersing fast the clouds,
 Which like the mountain mist, the mind enshrouds.
 Her changing features view Eugene and May,
 Who hail with pleasure light's approaching ray.
 And who though joined in Hymen's holy bonds,
 Left not the couch of her who now desponds ;
 Content and happy, but to give relief
 To the young heart so sorely torn with grief ;
 Feeling that life no greater joy can give,
 Than certainty that Mara still did live,
 And greater joy could never reign above,
 Than when, returned he clasped his stricken dove,
 And on his proud breast hushed its saddened moan,
 Which mournful cooed from eve' till dewy morn.
 She lay for bours, her dark eyes sadly fixed
 On empty nothingness—with sorrow mixed

In her sad song—which feeling deeper smote,
 Than all the volumes sophist ever wrote,
 And as the tear-drops silently would creep
 Beneath the dark lash, resting on her cheek,
 And trick'ling thence sink in her ebon hair,
 Which fell in masses o'er her shoulders fair,
 Her young friends' hearts by sympathy entwined—
 Which of all feelings is the most divine—
 Wept for her grief, and felt her spirit meek,
 Would soon in heaven its sister angels seek.
 And yet she questioned not of his sad fate,
 So sure the answer on her heart would grate,
 But lingered in uncertainty's dark gloom,
 More dreadful far than vapors of the tomb.

X X I I

Seven silver moons, or mayhap it were more
 Had risen on Columbia's flowery shore;
 Seven suns in orient skies had shone the same,
 And yet no tidings from her lover came.
 At noon of night she watched with tearful eyes,
 Sighed for his coming, and as broke her sigh
 Out on the stilly night her soul reply
 Was the wild hooting owl's portentous cry:
 Which as on heavy wing was borne aloof,
 Seemed to her aching heart too certain proof
 Of death's dark shadow—but as she would gaze
 Upon the star-gemmed heaven's silver blaze,
 Her soul rose up in all its strength and pride,
 And asked but in its blue-domed depths to 'bide;
 Where with the loved and lost, eternal joy,
 Would drink for aye, with naught of earth's alloy,
 Where happy as an Houris she would roam.
 By Mara's side in an eternal home,
 Nor fear her foes, nor bitter partings more.
 Sighs ever hushed, and tears forever o'er!
 As on the ocean's roaring, tossing deep,
 The foaming waves in mountains seem to heap,
 And swallow now the frail ship's drooping mast
 As they are driven o'er her by the blast,
 So sank her soul as death's dark image rose.
 Pict'ring her lover in his last repose;
 And as the ship burst from the 'whelming tide,
 And seemed a victor o'er its top to ride.

So rose her soul above life's heaving seas,
 As heaven-born Hope spoke of a sweet release.
 She longed to know his fate, yet dared not ask ;
 It came at last,—Oh ! dearest Eula bask
 In all the rosy dreams that joy can give,
 In all the rays that beam where pleasures live !
 Yield your dove heart, and let it mount above
 On eagle's wings, and soar in realms of love !
 For know that Mara, your beloved, waits
 With anxious eye, though in a prison's gates.
 Your coming feet ; and pleads with you to grant
This wish—the last for which his heart doth pant !
 Young Eula gazed—while joy her sweet lips sealed,
 And with wild phantasy her poor brain reeled ;
 Bowed her fair head, and wept on May Bell's breast,
 As can but weep, young hearts by sorrow pressed.

XXXIII

In deep and gloomy contemplation wrapt.
 Upon his convict's bed proud Mara sat ;
 On his strong arms now clanked the gauling chain,
 On spirits such as his but bound in vain ;
 He thought upon the past, whose joys did seem
 Like the remembrance of some happy dream,
 Which fades too soon, and in its stead remains.
 The stern realities of life's dark stains,
 Making the present with its yearning pains,
 Less durable than e'en a convict's chains.
 As he sat musing thus, his prison door
 Swung on its heavy hinges, and before
 His eyes astonished, stood the one who long
 Had caused his heart to suffer bitter wrong.
 His dark eye gleamed, one moment in its hate.
 With all the stern, determined air of Fate ;
 Upon Lampier, who cowered 'neath his eye,
 As shrink the guilty when to justice nigh ;
 'Twas but a moment, then he turned away,
 As though his noxious form breathed but decay.
 With air of such deep, cold and withering ire.
 As 'roused in Lampier all the latent fire ;
 Who now advancing to his rival shook,
 His unsheathed sword while thus his anger broke.
 " Ha ! haughty rebel, think'st thou I will brook
 Such scorn from thee ?—No !—not e'en in a look !

Thou art a traitor to the glorious cause,
 Arrayed in arms against our virtuous laws ;
 And leagued with demons to support a creed,
 Which dooms thy equal as a slave to bleed ; (7)
 This curse we'll blot out—come what will or may, (8)
 The verdict's passed--let those who fear obey !
 For this as suppliant thou shalt humbly bend,
 Forsake thy creed--thy arm of strength shall lend,
 In crushing all who shall our cause abuse,
 And punishing all who our laws refuse.
 Ha, answereth nothing?—Know that I have power
 To end thy life within this selfsame hour !
 Thou art my prisoner--vengeance shall be free !
 For lives not any that can rescue thee !
 Yea ! I will punish—rack—will torture, kill,—
 But thou shalt yield to dictates of my will !

X X I V

Young Mara sat, a smile contemptuous wreathed
 His classic mouth, while scorn his features breathed,
 His dark and speaking eye was sternly fixed
 Upon Lampier, with pride and pity mixed ;
 And mutely calm, and sternly cold was he,
 As were the imaged forms of Ishmonie ; (9)
 And haughty as the Roman Patriots were,
 Whose hearts were pierced by Brennus' reeking
 spear ; (10)
 Lampier now gazed upon his noble brow,
 And felt, barbarian like, that he could bow,
 And ask forgiveness—this was conscience spoke —
 But vengeance on his meditations broke,
 And drawing nearer, while his demon eye,
 Told by its twinkling of some purpose nigh :
 " Mara ! " said he, while softer grew his tone :
 The light of friendship in your eye has shone,
 And shone for me ;—know that your life I'll save —
 If you will swear, and all your claim will waive
 To Eula's love ;—and—" Wretch ! "—proud Mara hissed,
 While seemed the lightning's gleam his features kissed,
 " Breathe not her name, it were pollution's taint
 To aught so fair ! "—Ha ! by the holy saint,
 I've touched the point !—and Lampier's laugh rang
 loud,
 And echoed through the dungeon's misty shroud :

And harshly on the timid soul did grate,
 Who trembling, lingered near the prison's gate.
 "Wouldst thou behold her? now my heart would see,
 What pangs her misery can bring to thee!"

X X V

The cell he left, again did soon return,
 And near him walked a proud and lovely one;
 Stern Mara gazed, his heart was sick with pain,
 While burning anguish seemed to crush his brain;
 'Tis but a moment, Eula lifts her eyes,
 And to his bosom as a scared bird flies;
 His hand he raises, but the strong chains bind,
 And vengeance's purpose dies within his mind;
 The maiden helpless wept upon his breast,
 His chained arms madly round her young form pressed,
 His dark eye drooped—his pale lips quivering fast.
 As trembling aspen in the roaring blast;
 His proud breast heaving like the ocean's swell,
 As feeling rose above his power to quell,
 And Lampier joyed and gloated o'er his pain.
 This victory he did o'er his rival gain,
 But his heart to madness wild seemed driven.
 As Eula's eyes, imploring raised to heaven,
 Asked justice, mercy from the God above,
 And safe deliverance for her only love;
 Then on Lampier her beauteous eyes she turned
 In pleading eloquence, but he now burned
 With rage and jealousy's consuming fire,
 While on his rival thus he spent his ire:

X X V I

"Think not, vile Rebel, by her pleading eyes
 To rob me of this dear, this long-sought prize!
 Know that for this I joined the Northern arms.
 Have fought on battle-fields, met death's alarms;
 Betrayed the trust as friend I owed to you,
 And think'st that eye, whose beauty maddens me,
 Shall by its pleading set my rival free?
 No, Eula!--by the holy saints above,
 Thou shalt be mine—thou shalt repay my love!"
 Which as he said, her tender form he tore
 From Mara's bleeding heart, and quickly bore

The unconscious one, with all a lover's care,
 To where a couch he quickly did prepare.
 As Mara saw with all love's dread alarms,
 The maiden torn so ruthless from his arms,
 He gnashed his teeth and madly cursed the chain
 That hindered now his rescuing her from pain ;
 He struggled hard to break the iron link,
 But as he struggled deeper far 'twould sink
 In his strong arm, and faster gushed the tide
 Of crimson gore—he aught could calmly bide,
 He felt not this—the rack and flames were ease,
 Compared with tortures that would now ne'er cease.
 Oh, for sweet liberty !—but one short hour,
 My vengeance on his hated head to shower !
 Death's pains were sweet, if met for her dear sake,
 But thus to die, when she did calmly stake
 All that was dear—her liberty, her life,
 And flew into this den of fear and strife,
 And all for me ! Oh Death ! this anguish cease.
 And grant my troubled heart this last release

XXVII

When Eula woke to consciousness again,
 About her heart there weighed a dead'ning pain ;
 She glanced around upon the richness strewn,
 With lavish hand about the darkened room ;
 She turned around and near her pillow stood.
 A beauteous creature but of foreign blood,
 Whose dark stern eyes were calmly on her fixed,
 With deadly hate, but nought of sorrow mixed ;
 In whose pale face the print of sorrow's wand
 Had left its impress like the captive's bond ;
 Around her mouth at times there oft did play
 A wild unnatural smile which seemed to say,
 " All is not right ! " and Eula quick did place
 Her snowy hands above her tearful face ;
 Then came the words in tones so low and sad,
 As touched her heart :—" You think poor Ena mad,
 You think to cheat me of his love—but no !
 I still will bind him with this coil of woe,
 Which like a serpent wreaths around my heart !
 Ha ! 'tis a serpent—see, he stings my soul,
 I hear him hissing—see, he comes. Behold !"
 And as she spoke she softly glided by,
 And passed the door as Lampier's steep drew nigh.

XXVIII

As Ena spoke of serpent hissing near,
 From her couch, trembling, Eula sprang with fear.
 Approached the door as if she thence would fly.
 But ere she passed she met Lampier's stern eye;
 She turned again, towards the window sped,
 And on her trembling hands drooped her fair head.
 Lampier drew near and in a tender tone,
 Asked if she now would be his worshipped one;
 To which proud Eula, while her dark eye beamed
 Like Jamshid's jewel, and in beauty seemed
 To rival e'en Circassia's lovely maid
 To Lampier's ravished eyes, this answer made:
 "Much as I scorn thee, wilt thou yet implore
 The hand thou knowest I never will bestow?
 No!—rather would I sleep beneath yon stream,
 Whose surface glitters 'neath the moon's bright beam:
 Would bear the rack—would suffer death on death,
 Ere I would yield to you in this behest!"
 He with deep passion trembling mutely gazed
 On Eula's face in proud defiance raised,
 And thus exclaimed:—"My fair, my angel fond.
 Thy beauty like the sweets of Trebizond, (11)
 Distilled and pure—in its own eloquence,
 Now charms my heart and maddens every sense:
 Thy voice more sweet, e'en when dark wrath doth move.
 Than others when they trembling breathe of love;
 And moved by love!—then Tan Sein's fabled tree (12)
 Could nothing add to its sweet melody!
 Oh, fairest Eula, let my love control,
 And its own angel sweetness thrill my soul!
 Ha, still perverse?—then I will make thee yield.
 If aught thou care for pains that Mara feel:
 Yea! I will torture him before thine eye,
 Till thou obedient to my heart shall fly,
 And like a stricken dove pant but for rest.
 Although it were upon a hated breast;
 Tempt not too far in this thy foolish pride,
 He shall be free if thou wilt be my bride;
 But thou dissenting, shall this moment die,
 Then save his life and to this bosom fly!"

XXIX

As the dread sentence fell upon her ear,

It seemed Hope's death-knell broke upon her ear ;
 She fixed her eyes on Lampier's cold, stern face.
 But saw no pitying angel's softening grace ;
 Saw in his eye that her dark doom was sealed,
 Mara must die or she consenting yield.
 Frail woman's love, how wondrous in its power,
 Though delicate, how strong in trial's hour !
 Though shrinking, timid, when her lover smiles
 Yet, oh, how fearless amid fortune's wiles !
 Yea ! she would sacrifice joy, pride and hope,
 Would bear with calmness fortune's deadliest stroke.
 And to his interest when thus solely given,
 Ask but one boon, his happiness from heaven.
 'Twas thus with Eula, as she calmly said,
 " Then spare his life and take my own instead.
 First place him safe upon Columbia's land, (14)
 Then, though I loathe thee, thou shalt have this hand.
 Now tyrant, grant one last, one fond farewell,
 And thou shalt see how woman's heart can quell
 The dearest hope with all the joy it brings.
 To save the one who in her bosom reigns ;
 Now lead the way ; let me but see him free,
 And this frail hand I'll surely give to thee ;
 But know my heart can ne'er, oh, ne'er be thine.
 For chains can ne'er the heart's affections bind !
 Although I loathe thee, yet for his dear sake,
 I'd suffer torture at the burning stake,
 And think when wrapt amid the burning flames.
 Their misery heaven, if he thus freedom claims.

X X X

Lampier's eye glittered with a brighter ray,
 As to the prison cell he led the way,
 His dark mind gloating that proud Mara's heart
 Should be thus pained from her he loved to part,
 And of the joy his own would thence receive,
 For souls like his but joy when others grieve,
 Have not a pleasure but its source is pain,
 Have not a thought that guilt did never stain ;
 They reap no sweets but by oppression sown,
 And know no music like a captive's groan.
 Young Eula followed to her lover's cell,
 Weighed down by agony, and knew full well
 It was the last. Oh, God ! and could it be ;

Should she ne'er meet again her lover free ?
 She breathless stood, and as the prisn door
 Swung on its heavy creaking hinge once more,
 She seemed as sinking 'neath fear's dread alarms,
 But as it oped she sprung to Mara's arms.
 She speechless lay, her poor heart sick with fear,
 Her dark eye closed to hide the bursting tear ;
 And trembling as the wild fawn mutely clasped,
 Clung to his bosom as it were the last,
 Dear, fond embracè, as though the last hope fled,
 When from his heaving breast she raised her head,
 And in a voice which thrilled through Lampier's soul,
 And made his coward blood a moment cold,
 Exclaimed :—" Oh, Angush lull my aching heart ?
 Why did I meet thee, if so soon to part ?
 Why hear once more those tones of love so deep,
 Which taught my heart with thrilling joy to weep ?
 Why meet those eyes whose burning glances took
 All I would hide at one sweet lingering look—
 Through barriers of reserve all potent broke,
 And read my soul although my lips ne'er spoke !
 How can I leave thee ?—how this moment sever
 My heart from thine, this hour and forever.
 Torn by his hand from thy own cherished breast.
 Oh ! let my image in it ever rest !
 Then though a sacrifice to save thy life,
 I would be happy, e'en amid dark strife !"
 --"To save my life !" young Mara gasped, " Oh, no !
 Sooner would I this hour in death lay low,
 Than thou, my Love—my Life—my Soul—should'st be
 The object of that demon's tyranny !
 . No ! Eula, darling, here thou'lt ever rest,"
 While to his heart her form he wildly pressed,
 And felt that in that mement's mute caress,
 In which a life of thoughts did mingling press,
 Was more of joy though death were in it quaffed.
 Than ages drinking apathy's cold draught.

X X X I

Lampier, thus maddened, drew his glittering sword,
 And rushed on Mara without warning word ;
 Dealt one swift blow which laid him quivering low,
 And covered Eula with the flowing gore ;
 Another would have dealt, but on the ground
 The maiden kneeling clasped her lover round,

On her fair bosom laid his fainting head,
 With eyes upturned, as mercy's angel plead,
 In tones which seemed to touch e'en Lampier's heart,
 Who dropped his sword—and stood with lips apart
 In act to speak—but stopped, as wild there broke
 A piercing shriek, which seemed his own death stroke ;
 Which echoed through the stillness like the knell
 Of coming doom—he trembled—and quick fell,
 The reeking sabre from his bloody hand,
 When in the door he saw before him stand,
 The lost, proud Ena, with her eyes of fate,
 Fixed on his face, with calm, unchanging hate ;
 And heard the deep, unnatural voice which said,
 Ha ! think'st it will not fall on thine own head ?
 Thou lov'st another—I am not thy wife—
 My heart, my soul, my fame—would that my life
 Were also lost—Fiend !—thou shalt never live
 To take the peace which not a world can give
 From that young creature !—See, the serpent wreathes
 His poisonous folds about thee—o'er thee breathes—
 His bloody mouth has wet thy hand with gore,
 Oh yes, he stings thee—I will say no more !”
 She turned and fled, as some weird spirit ;—still,
 Her words of deep, dark meaning left a chill
 At Lampier's heart—who turned, saw Mara's face,
 Cold—cold as death, clasped in Eula's embrace ;
 Who gazed upon him with a wild, fond look,
 Entreated madly, while her young frame shook,
 That he would speak—then she would happy die,
 And live with him for aye beyond the sky

XXXII

Lampier then tore her from the stiffning form
 Of all she loved, bore her towards the room.
 She sprang from him—stood in the window's light,
 Cried, “ If thou stiest I'll leap from this dread height.”
 And in defiance met his flashing eye,
 Determined she would conquer, or would die,
 As Lampier held his threatening sword in air,
 As if to sink it in her bosom fair ;
 Another gleamed beneath the moon's pale light.
 Two wilder eyes glared on his soul of fright,
 And a deep voice whose tones he knew too well.
 Like death's last warning, on his spirit fell :

"Stop demon, hold!—this moment thou shalt feel
 In thy foul bosom's depths this chilling steel!
 Thou hast betrayed me---linked the serpent's coil
 About my heart!—and would'st another spoil?
 Ha, glare not thus, nor think my soul to fright!"
 And as she spoke her dagger caught the light,
 Shone but a moment its swift descent,
 As on her foe she rushed with dire intent;
 Ere he could speak, or Eula's hand arrest,
 'Twas buried deep in Lampier's quivering breast;
 'Twas lifted quick, shone but a moment more,
 As from its point fast fell the dripping gore;
 Then as the lightning's pierce the Alpine snows,
 So sank its point in Eula's breast of woes,—
 "With him I love, so soon!"—she smiling said,
 And looking up to heaven, meekly died;
 To realms above, her pure soul took its flight,
 To bask for aye, in rays of living light.

XXXIII

As came the dark hour near the approach of day,
 A small dark figure picked its cautious way
 To where the river's waters calmly rolled,
 And for some moments near its dark waves strolled,
 As though in waiting—but she stood not long;
 Two heavy burthens near her quick were borne,
 Were thrown by her command upon the waves,
 And in their depths her victims found their graves.
 The bearers paid, soon took their lonely way,
 And knew not what beneath the waters lay;
 But ere long heard a piercing shriek, and loud,
 The last that came from her wild spirit proud,
 And as 'twas borne far o'er the rippling wave,
 Ena sunk struggling in a watery grave.

SUNNY SIDE, June 21st 1864.

NOTES.

CANTO I.

Upon the emerald's pure, unsuited blaze.

NOTE 1, VERSE VI.

"Twas believed by the Persians that if a serpent fixed his eyes upon the lustre of the emerald, he immediately became blind.—See *Persian Travels*.

NOTE 2, VERSE VII.

But swanlike, die and know no second love.

'Tis said the swan will have but one mate. Lord Byron alludes to it in his "Giaour." He says—

"The swan that swims upon the lake,
One mate and only one will take."—Page 261.

NOTE 3, VERSE VIII.

Or by their blood-stained hands soon meet our doom.

It is a well-known fact that our brave soldiers are frequently shot dead for the slightest offence, by the Yankee guard.

NOTE 4, VERSE XIII.

Others than the ones who still kept up the dance

"After receiving orders to march, the troops satisfied their hunger, prepared their ammunition, and got up a dance before the camp fires."—*First Year of the War*, page 157.

NOTE 5, VERSE XIV.

For six long hours our batteries on them played.

"Woodruff's battery opened upon that of the enemy, under Captain Totten, and a constant cannonading was kept up between these batteries during the action," or for six hours.—*First Year of the War*, page 157.

NOTE 6, VERSE XV.

And to dislodge them now must be our care

"Colonel McIntosh dismounted his regiment, and the two," (Herbert and McIntosh) "marched up to a fence, around a large corn-field, where they met the left of the enemy already posted. Here a terrible conflict of small arms took place."—Page 157.

NOTE 7, VERSE XV.

With lengthening, deafening shouts of victory

Despite the galling fire poured upon these two regiments, leaped over the fence and gallantly led by their colonels, drove the enemy.—*First Year of the War*, page 157.

NOTE 3, VERSE XVII.

"The battle became general, 'and probably,' says General McCulloch, in his official report, no two opposing forces ever fought with greater bravery."

CANTO II.

NOTE 1, VERSE V.

And bright eyes all unconscious, looked sweet love.

Lord Byron has a line somewhat similar to this, in the third canto, 21st verse, of *Childe Harold*. He says—

"Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again."

NOTE 2, VERSE VIII.

Like the great city turned into a stone.

A fabled city of Arabia, said to have been turned into stone for the wickedness of its inhabitants.

CANTO III.

NOTE 1, VERSE I.

The dark blue azure of the far-off sky.

The little boy's was a poetical idea, and beautifully expressed, who when asked what the stars were replied, "They are little holes in the floor of heaven, to let God's glory through."

NOTE 2, VERSE XIV.

In ashes lies, as Dido doth repose.

Every reader of the *Æneid* is too deeply impressed by the cruel misfortunes of the beautiful Dido, ever to forget her sad fate.

NOTE 3, VERSE XIV.

'Till seventeen days saw her in ashes lay.

Carthage, after it had been taken by the Romans, in the Third Punic War, and delivered up to be plundered by the soldiers, was set on fire; and although the fire commenced in all quarters at the same time, and raged furiously, yet it was seventeen days before all the buildings were consumed.—*Rollin's Ancient History*.

NOTE 4, VERSE XIV.

Where three long days the streets in warm blood flowed.

"When Jerusalem was taken by the Romans, it was given up to murder and plunder for three days, during which time no less than one million persons perished."

NOTE 5, VERSE XIV.

Where for vile lucre her proud hills were sold.

After the death of the virtuous Pertinax, the throne of the Roman Empire was offered privately to the highest bidder, "but the more prudent of the Pretorian guards, apprehensive that, in this private contract they should not obtain a just price for so valuable a commodity, ran out upon the ramparts, and with a loud voice proclaimed that the Roman world was to be disposed of to the best bidder by public auction:—*Gibbon's Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, Vol. 1, page 127.

NOTE 6, VERSE XIV

As Papal edicts from her convents tolled.

Alluding to the persecution or inquisition of Spain.

NOTE 7, VERSE XIV.

Thou in thy blighting course full oft' has gone.

The struggles of Scotland and Ireland have been too securely embalmed in poetry by Sir Walter Scott, and the smooth Bard of Erin, ever to be forgotten while a taste for the good, true and beautiful remains.

NOTE 8, VERSE XIV

Thy chosen Israel deal with ruthless hand.

The Rev. S. D. Baldwin has located "God's Israel," or "Israel Restored" in the United States. Now, since the fanatical demagogues of the North have destroyed the union of the States, and set all laws, religion and the Bible at defiance, it follows that the Confederacy alone can claim that high and enviable distinction.

NOTE 9, VERSE XXI.

Unpardoned even amid the Prophet's creeds.

"Any crime, almost, is forgiven the Mahomedan, who dies defending his religion, and the surest path to Paradise is through the blood of unbelievers."—*Notes on the Koran.*

NOTE 10, VERSE XXIII.

The Priest stands by, his long robes sweep the ground.

Such desperate characters not unfrequently employ their colleagues in crime to act the part of God's ministers on such occasions.—*See "Mysteries of New York."*

CANTO IV

NOTE 1, VERSE VI.

From British usurpation should be free,

Lexington, the first battle of the Revolution.

NOTE 2, VERSE XI.

In mentioning the names of the illustrious patriots and heroes of Oak Hill and Lexington, the authoress did not entertain the least idea of pronouncing an eulogium on them, for as the honest Spartan said to the rhetorician who would have eulogized Hercules—"Whoever thought of blaming Hercules?" Thus with these patriots, their own noble actions have placed them so high in the scale of public opinion, the voice of an obscure individual could add nothing. As an excuse for the liberty she has taken, she can only say that—

In treading Poesy's sweet path
Upon Misouri's plains,
Unmentioned but the proudest names
To deck this humble strain.

NOTE 3, VERSE XII.

Near him he spied a man of soul to dare.

"During the siege, quite a number of citizens came in from the neighboring country, and fought, as they expressed it, 'on their own hooks.' A participator in the battle tells an anecdote of an old man about sixty years of age, who came up daily from his farm with his walnut-stock rifle

and a basket of provisions, and went to work just as if he were engaged in mauling rails or some other necessary labor of his farm. He took his position behind a large stump, upon the descent of the hill, on which the fortifications were constructed, where he fired with deadly aim during each day of the siege."—*First Year of the War*, page 168.

NOTE 4, VERSE XII:

And in Philanthropy's far name to throw:

"We need but read the history of the present war to obtain a catalogue of crimes unparalleled in the annals of the world, all committed under the name of Philanthropy."

NOTE 5, VERSE XV.

As touching as the Bulbul's heartfelt strain:

Bulbul, the Persian nightingale, represented as enamored of the rose.

NOTE 6, VERSE XV:

And weeps in sadness as the maiden woe:

Alluding to a very strange story, published in "The Illustrated News," of a maiden who was enamored of the sun, and who wept whenever he disappeared, saying that her spouse had forsaken her, but was restored to quiet and happiness when he again made his appearance.

NOTE 7, VERSE XXIII:

Which dooms thine equal as a slave to bleed:

'Tis a well-known fact that Northern people pretend to acknowledge the blacks as equals. The union of the two races is now carried to a wonderful and shameful extent in the Northern cities.

NOTE 8, VERSE XXIII:

This curse we'll blot out, come what will or may:

See extracts from "Helper's Book."

NOTE 9, VERSE XXIV:

As were the imaged forms of Ishmonic:

Ishmonic, a petrified city of upper Egypt.

NOTE 10, VERSE XXIV:

Whose hearts were pierced by Brennus' reeking spear:

The murder of the Roman Senate by the Barbarians, at the time Rome was invaded by Brennus.—See *Whelpley's Compend*.

NOTE 11, VERSE XXVIII:

Thy beauty like the sweets of Trebizond:

"There is a kind of Rhododendron about Trebizond, whose flowers the bees feed upon, and the honey thence drives people mad.—*Tournefort*

NOTE 12, VERSE XXVIII:

If moved by love than Tan Sein's fabled tree:

"Tan Sein, a celebrated musician, who flourished at the court of Akbar. His tomb is overshadowed by a tree, concerning which a superstitious notion prevails that the chewing of its leaves will give an extraordinary sweetness to the voice."—*Hunter's Travels*.

ERRATA.

Canto I, verse II, line 1st.—“But why did Mara’s brow.”

Verse VI., line 21st.—“If grief upon it looked, she soon.”

Verse XII., line 29th.—“Then on myself, I’ll heap the bitter curse.”

Verse XVI., line 3d.—“And Churchill, Green, McCulloch, also claim.”

Canto II., verse VIII., line 14th.—“I’ll tell you, Eula, it is best.”

Canto III., verse VII., line 15th.—“Reflected clear, and knew.”

“ “ verse XIV., line 45th and 46th :—

“Ere he destruction dire, far o’er the land,
Thy chosen Isreal deals with ruthless hand.”

Verse XVII., line 29th.—“Exert thy charming influence.”

Verse XX., line 3d.—“Which although now.”

Verse XXII., line 9th.—“With dripping blood, earth’s softened.”

Verse XXIII., line 14th.—“With deep’ning blush and.”

Verse XXIV., line 9th.—“With valor stern, they now fight hand to hand.”

Verse XXV., line 18th.—“His men impetuous.”

Verse XXVI., line 26th.—“Eugene this pity feels,”

Verse XXXI., line 24th.—“They meet from hospitable.”

Verse XXXII., line 26th.—“Filling with trembling tones.”

Canto IV., verse II., line 20th.—“Upon the earthly.”

Verse IV., line 9th.—“He spoke—his tones.”

Verse VIII., line 7th.—“His wild eyes gleaming like.”

Verse X., line 9th.—“But why their deeds of daring.”

Verse XXV., line 17th.—“But his heart torn to madness.”

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